

The Sketch



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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



A DREAMER OF DREAMS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH ROBINSON, REDHILL.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

In the City of New York there dwells one of the most amiable of men, who is known to his many friends as Uncle Larry. Uncle Larry, otherwise Laurence Hutton, has a charming house, and I remember the time when it was distinguished for quaint bachelor tastes, when its owner collected spoons, for example, and death-masks, and other oddities. The death-masks were arranged like a frieze in the study, and Uncle Larry, wand in hand, would point out their manifold beauties, and discourse upon them with much gravity and erudition. He was fond of England in those days, and a great authority on the London byways of literature, old houses, and other associations of departed genius. He even wrote a book called "Literary Landmarks of London," and a very charming book it is, just the kind of book that a man of leisure, of fine instinct, and no animosities—Uncle Larry, in short—might have been expected to indite. It is only the cultivated American, after all, who really knows his literary London, and Laurence Hutton put a good deal of that knowledge into this volume, for which many English readers have reason to be grateful.

Now, figure my astonishment to discover Uncle Larry in a new character, or rather, in the external habiliments—printer's type and so forth—of a very familiar character—Jefferson Brick, to wit. As a humorous masquerade this might be well enough; but judging from an article in *Harper's* (the American edition), Uncle Larry is perfectly serious in his desire to twist the tail of the British Lion. He is in as fine a patriotic frenzy as ever I saw, and the most curious thing is that it rages round one of the very literary landmarks of London in which he was wont to take delight. Americans have been invited to join in the movement for raising a fund to purchase Carlyle's house in Chelsea, and preserve it as a public monument. It is upon this inoffensive project that Uncle Larry expends his ire. Shakspere, Pepys, Izaak Walton, Raleigh, he respects, because they are as much American as English—that is to say, they flourished before the American Constitution had eclipsed the wisdom of nations. "But," says Mr. Hutton, "we ought to throw the tea into Boston Harbor once more"—I wish he would throw the "u" into it—"before we consent to pay tribute to a class of post-Revolutionary British heroes who paid no tribute to us; or before we offer to help the Britons to glorify their own land by erecting monuments—in their own land—to poets and scholars who in their lifetime never cared to glorify anything or anybody but Great Britain or themselves!"

I can imagine Uncle Larry delivering himself of this eloquence, with a twinkle in his eye, in the course of a dissertation upon the death-mask of Jefferson Brick; but as a serious protest against the glorification of "post-Revolutionary British heroes" it puzzles me. Some glimmering of an explanation appears in Mr. Hutton's subsequent remarks about the writings of George William Curtis, whom he supposes to be entirely neglected in this island. "Let us," he says, "erect our memorials to no far-off Englishman or Scotchman, but to George William Curtis . . . at our own expense, and without the aid of the men of a foreign country, who still insist that nobody but Americans read American books." Well I remember that, in the first number of *The Sketch*, I had the felicity of writing a review of one of Mr. Curtis's most charming works, "Prue and I"; and I am pained to find that this monument of an American author in "a foreign country" has escaped Uncle Larry's notice. Besides, I am under the impression that a memorial of James Russell Lowell, erected at English expense, is to be seen somewhere near Westminster Abbey. It might be worth Mr. Hutton's while to mention this in a new edition of his "Literary Landmarks," and also to inquire, should he ever condescend to visit our foreign shores again, whether there is any sale for "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table."

Her Majesty the Queen is reported to be meditating the creation of an Order of Merit for members of the literary profession. Mr. Walter Besant ought to prick his ears at this intelligence, for no writer has more assiduously urged the claim of his calling to this recognition. Thackeray gives a list somewhere of the distinguished men of letters who held high office in the service of the nation. Addison was Secretary of State, Prior was an Ambassador, and so on. Had we preserved this custom of rewarding literary genius with responsibility for public affairs, some wag of a Minister might have offered the author of "Vanity Fair" the post of Lord Chamberlain. Nowadays, poets and novelists are supposed to be unfit even for the duty of issuing invitations to a Drawing-Room, and the sad state of literature in the House of Commons is exemplified by an

eminent politician who mixes up Harry Hotspur with Prince Hal. The proposed Order of Merit might in some degree soften the asperity of this divorce of letters from the State, but the subject is complicated by the suggestion that the Order should be divided into three classes. Indeed, one oracle is able to inform us that the first class will contain twenty-four authors, the second a hundred, and the third two hundred and fifty.

In these days of democratic railways, it is becoming a point of honour for the upright citizen to travel third-class, though he enjoys the luxury of a first-class compartment on the evening of a Bank Holiday. The second-class passenger is apt to be regarded as an intermediary fossil, without the gilding of first-class affluence or the vitality of third-class independence. But in the literary train everybody will want to travel first, and I do not envy the official who has to issue third-class tickets. There will be exciting scenes at the booking-office. For instance—

ENERGETIC LADY. I want a first-class to Immortality, please.

THE CLERK. Very sorry, Madam, but the four-and-twenty first-class tickets have already been issued. The second-class is also full, but there is room in the third.

ENERGETIC LADY. How dare you! I have sold half a million books! I have brought up a family! And yet you insult me by offering me a third-class ticket!

TIMID AUTHOR. Pray, make haste, Madam! Other people are waiting.

ENERGETIC LADY. You! I have elevated the homes of England! What have you done?

TIMID AUTHOR (*with creditable spirit*). One volume of chaste poems, large-paper edition, and the most saffron tale in the *Yellow Book*!

FACETIOUS SCRIBE (*far behind*). Here, you two! Why not take third-returns? You'll want 'em!

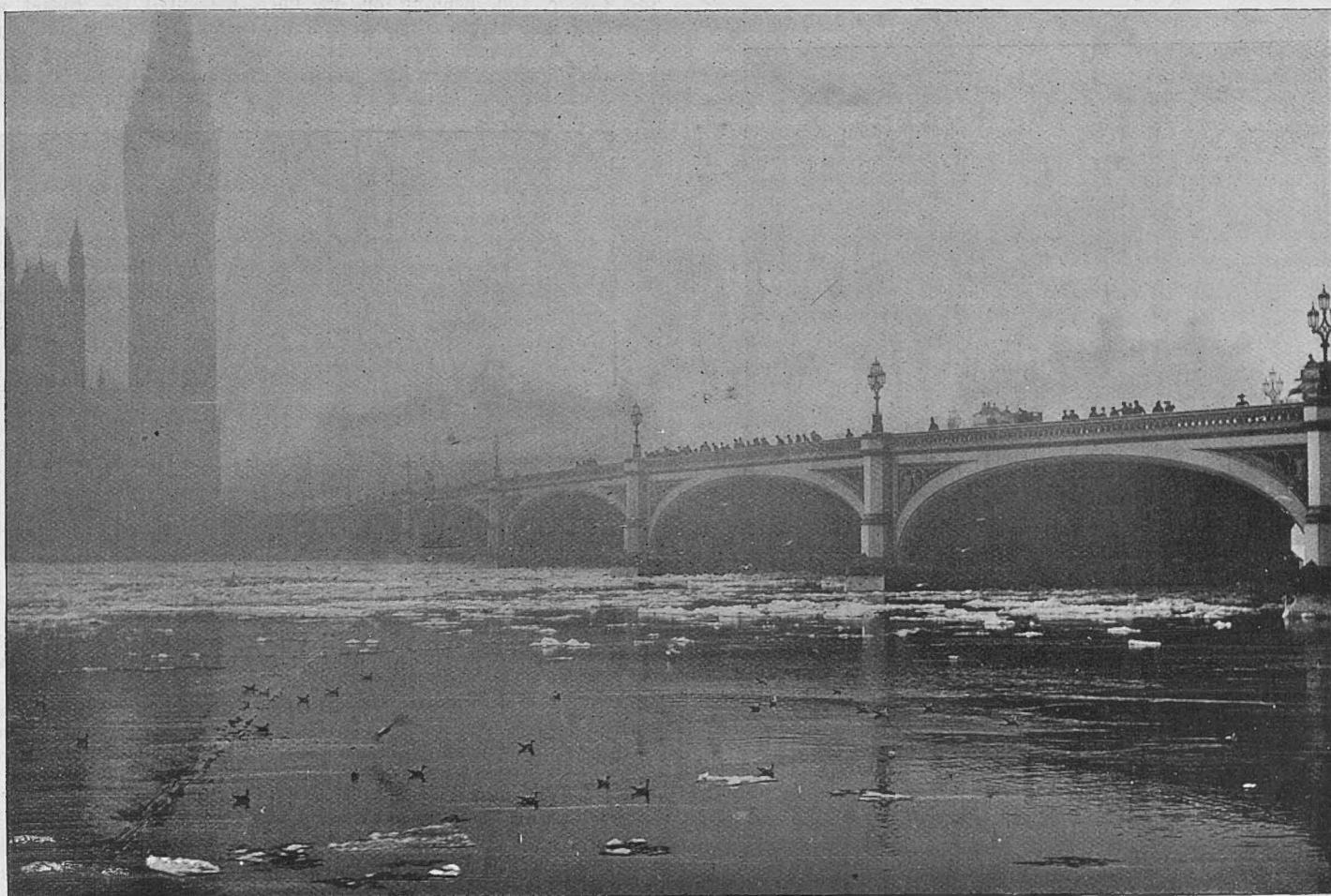
I don't think sufficient justice is done to the generalship of publishers. Their advertisements are becoming text-books in the art of war. It is not enough for the publisher to array the friendly battalions furnished by favourable reviews. He must keep a vigilant eye on the hostile critics, and lose no opportunity of spiking their guns. The public is scarcely alive yet to this development of modern tactics in the publishing trade. When a notable strategist in Vigo Street hangs out his banners on the outer wall, inscribed "The New Log-Rolling," does every passer-by grasp the purport of that defiance? A literary man came to me the other day, and said, "What is log-rolling?" a question which disclosed such unsuspected depths of innocence that my breath was taken away. But the casual reader of advertisements may be even less sophisticated; and what does he make of the announcement that certain laudatory notices subjoined were not written by certain eminent hands?

The flank movement, better known as "parallel columns," is more easily divined. It is like the favourite method of quotation in the House of Commons. You confront the honourable member opposite with something he said ten years ago, quite different from his present opinion, and this reminder is supposed to humble him in the dust. The case of a newspaper is not exactly the same, for conflicting judgments are written by different hands, and it is merely the system of anonymity which enables Mr. Heinemann to quote the *Pall Mall Gazette* against itself in regard to "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." The *P.M.G.* has thought it necessary to justify the later and unfavourable opinion—from which, by the way, I cordially dissent—as a sort of evolution from a protoplasm; but who can tell that, in the course of some revolving moons, the protoplasm will not derange this philosophy by renewing its "generous ardour"?

Dramatic critics are not, as a rule, in high favour with actors, and they must be rather astonished by the tribute which M. Coquelin has lately paid to their acumen. M. Coquelin has been sued by the *sociétaires* of the Comédie Française for having withdrawn from that body and accepted another engagement in Paris. In the opening speech for the defence it was stated that, in the judgment of the best French critics, M. Coquelin's successors at the Théâtre Français in the parts he had created were quite as good as he. The counsel for the plaintiffs, when he heard this, requested a week to consider his reply. I do not wonder. The most expert advocate might well be staggered by such a plea. M. Coquelin's object was, of course, to show that his late colleagues had lost nothing by his secession; but who will not prefer to believe that his remarkable admission was the spontaneous frankness of a noble mind? I can see M. Coquelin sitting at the Français and shedding tears of joy to discover that he has left no gap in an admirable company of artists.

She looked a perfect poem
With that witching face of hers;
But, when I tried to kiss her, she
Proved not at all a verse.—*Puck*.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE FROST.

Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

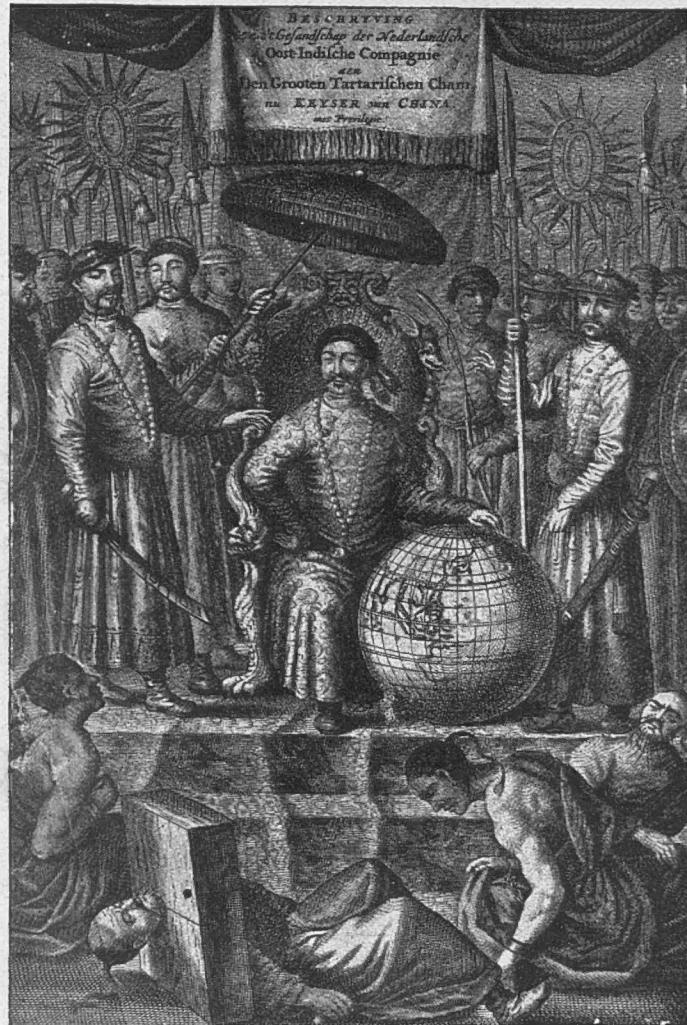
THE THAMES AT WESTMINSTER.



IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

AUDIENCES BY CHINESE EMPERORS.

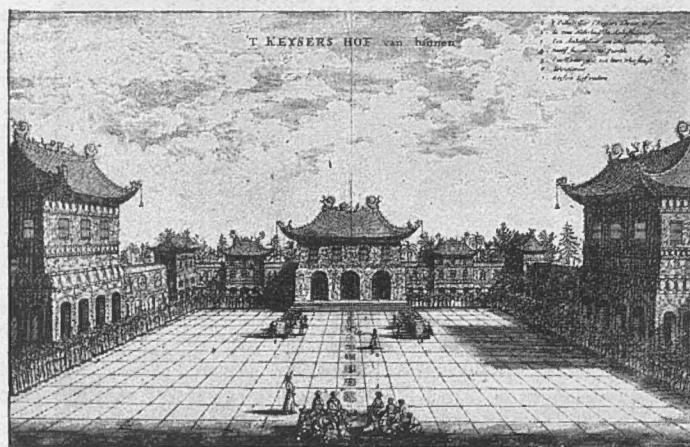
On the sixtieth birthday of the Dowager Empress recently, there took place an Imperial audience in the "Forbidden Town," Hwang-Kung—that is, the Imperial grounds in which the Palace is situated. The audience



THE EMPEROR OF CHINA, 1665.

was granted, not without a stubborn fight on the part of the Palace officials, in the Wén-hua-Tien, or Hall of Literary Lustre. The British Minister at Pekin, Mr. N. R. O'Conor, C.B., accompanied by the First Secretary and four other members of the Legation, delivered a speech to his Imperial Majesty, who briefly replied in a low tone.

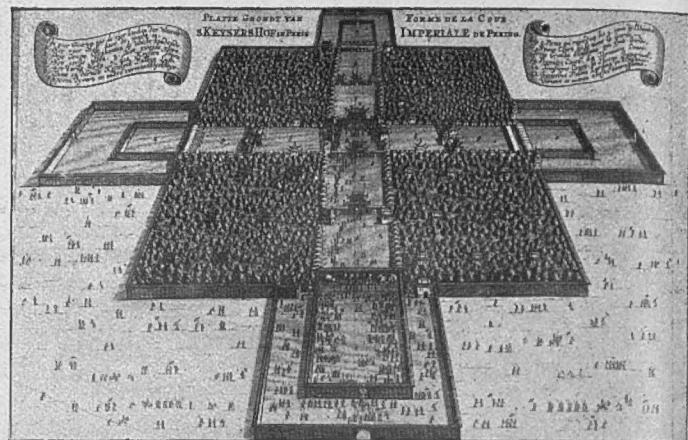
It has been stated that this is the first time that foreign Ministers have been accorded this act of grace. That, however, is not the case. At least on three previous occasions a similar concession has been granted—to the Dutch in 1655 and again in 1678, and to the English Ambassador, the Earl of Macartney, in 1793. The English were long in getting a footing in China. From the time, 1599, when Queen Elizabeth sent out John Mildenhall to the Court of the Great Mogul, for nearly two centuries they had a rough time of it. At last matters reached such a pitch that, in 1792, Lord Macartney, who had



THE EMPEROR RECEIVING THE DUTCH AMBASSADORS WITHIN HIS PALACE, PEKIN, 1655.

graduated in the art of diplomacy in all parts of the world, was sent by England on an embassy to Pekin. The mission, which was equipped with some magnificence, sailed from Portsmouth in 1792, and landed at Pekin nearly a year later. The Emperor was absent at his Summer Palace at Zhe-hol in Tartary, where he granted an audience to the Embassy in a

gorgeous tent. He was clad in plain dark silk, with a velvet bonnet, which had a pearl in front, the only jewel he wore. Lord Macartney held the magnificent square box of gold, adorned with jewels, in which was enclosed his Majesty's letter to the Emperor, between both hands, lifted above his head, and in that manner ascending the steps of the throne, and, bending on one knee, presented the casket to the Emperor, who expressed goodwill to his Britannic Majesty, for whom he gave the Ambassador a precious stone, carved in the shape of a sceptre. Curiously enough, only one member of the Ambassador's suite had



PLAN OF THE EMPEROR'S PALACE, PEKIN, 1655.

made any progress in the Chinese language. That was the page, a boy in his thirteenth year. "The Emperor had the curiosity to have the youth brought to the throne, and desired him to speak Chinese, and was so pleased with him that he gave him a purse for holding areca-nut. Then followed a sumptuous banquet, at which the Emperor sent the Englishmen several dishes from his own table, and then presented them personally with a goblet of warm Chinese wine. When the festival was over, he



PEKIN.

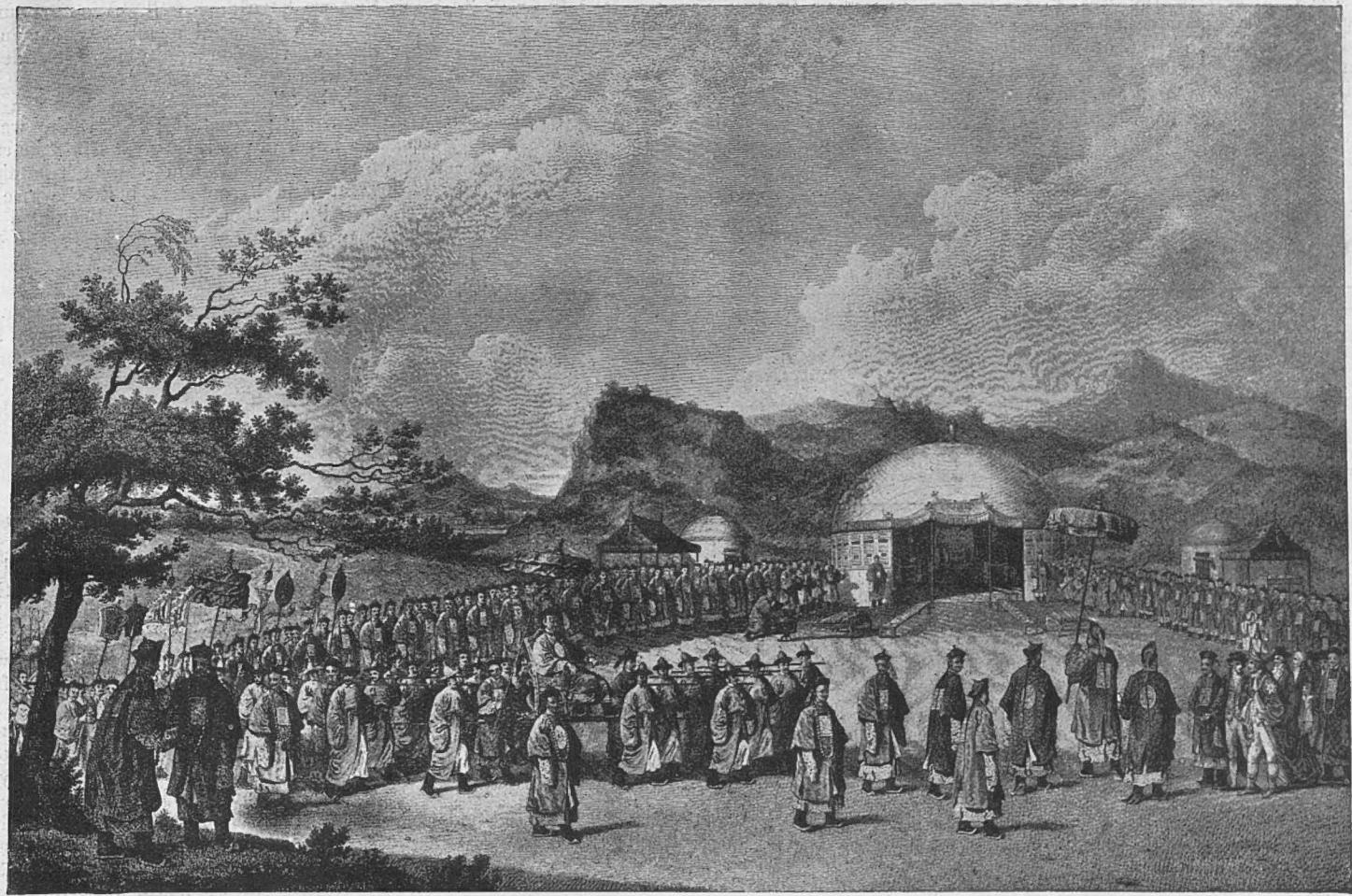
descended from his throne, marching, firm and erect, and without the least symptom of infirmity (though he was eighty-three), to a chair that was waiting for him. Subsequently, the Emperor received the Ambassador again at the Palace of Yuen-min-Yuen, Pekin, where most of the presents from Britain were waiting for him. This was the first time that the English were admitted to the Court of China, but permission to have a British Minister resident in China was not granted.



DUTCH ATTACK ON A CHINESE TOWN, CIRCA 1666.



THE EMPEROR RECEIVING THE DUTCH EMBASSY AT HIS PALACE, PEKIN, 1678.



THE EMPEROR APPROACHING HIS TENT AT ZHE-HOL TO RECEIVE THE BRITISH EMBASSY, 1793.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" AT OXFORD.

Although the Oxford University Dramatic Society is not to be unreservedly congratulated on its choice of a play for this year's performances, it is to be complimented on the very considerable success which it has attained in a difficult undertaking. "The Merchant of Venice" is too much with us on the professional stage to be a suitable play for amateur performance. Comparisons are odious, but inevitable. After this brief preliminary grumble, the critic must hasten to admit the many excellent features which made the revival a most popular and successful one, even though it was obviously of less interest than the society's admirable presentations of some of Shakspere's plays which are seldom seen on the professional stage. The Shylock of Mr. Bonnin (Trinity) was a dignified and commendably restrained piece of acting, if somewhat lacking in tragic intensity. Miss Bass, as Portia, showed to most advantage in the Trial scene, but was wanting in gaiety and comedy in the earlier acts. Outside these two rôles—and be their arduous nature fully remembered!—praise needs but little qualification. Mr. Croker-King (Lincoln) was excellent as Bassanio, depicting not merely the lover's fervour, but also the gay and somewhat reckless spirit of the impulsive adventurer. Mr. P. Comyns Carr (Brasenose) played Antonio with admirable effect. The melancholy dignity of his bearing and his exceedingly good elocution combined to make his performance quite one of the best. The Gratiano of Mr. A. Ellis (Trinity) was a continual delight alike to ear and eye, and his many good lines were given with the utmost point. It was a most charming bit of light-comedy acting. Mr. Souper (Keble) looked and acted well as Lorenzo, his scene in the last act with Jessica— prettily played by Miss Louise Perceval-Clark—being particularly good. Mr. Hearn (Brasenose) played Launcelot Gobbo with a quaint humour which was very droll. He has the stuff of which the true Shakspelian comedian is made. Mr. Rubens (University) made a picturesque old grandee of the Duke. Mr. C. B. Fry (Wadham), the versatile Blue, was an imposing Prince of Morocco, Mr. Tayler (University) made the most of the small part of Tubal, and the other minor parts were all ably sustained.

The play was extremely well put upon the stage, several of the scenes being most beautiful. Worthy of especial mention was the stage picture afforded by the scene in which the Prince of Morocco made his choice between the caskets. The mingling of his Oriental attendants with the Italian retainers of Portia's household had a very striking effect. The Trial scene had the advantage of a spacious Court of Justice, seen aslant by the audience. The hall was thronged by a picturesque and animated crowd, wonderfully well drilled, and a good effect was obtained by Portia's commanding position on the top of a flight of steps which led to the ducal throne. The scenery for Portia's Garden, in the last act, was especially designed by Mr. Alfred Parsons, and formed a beautiful setting for the harmonious ending of the play. An elaborate suite of incidental music was composed by the Rev. F. W. Bussell, Fellow of Brasenose College, and was well rendered by a large orchestra under the conductorship of Dr. Varley Roberts, of Magdalen College. The entire production had the advantage, as for several years past, of the general supervision and direction of Mr. Alan Mackinnon (Trinity), while the stage and general management reflected the greatest credit on the patient ingenuity and untiring efforts of Mr. H. E. Snagge (New College), the Hon. Secretary of the society. The completeness of the production as a whole was really most admirable. There was, throughout, a tone of conviction, a gallantry, an air of the period, which, for all too brief a spell, carried a delighted audience back to the more spacious atmosphere of the Venice and Italy of the Elizabethan dramatist.

H.

HAYMARKET.—MR. WALLER and MR. MORELL, Managers. AN IDEAL HUSBAND, by OSCAR WILDE. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. MATINEE EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at 2.30. Box Office (Mr. Leverton), 10 till 5. Sole Lessee, MR. TREE.

HAYMARKET.

EMPIRE THEATRE.—TWO GRAND BALLETTS.—LA FROLIQUE at 7.35 and ROUND THE TOWN at 10.15. Great Success. Grand Variety Entertainment. Doors open at 7.30.

NIAGARA HALL, ST. JAMES'S PARK STATION.

REAL ICE SKATING.

Ice always in perfect condition.
Daily, 9.30 to 1, 3s.; 3 to 6, 5s.; 8 to 11.30, 3s.
Excellent Orchestra. First Class Restaurant.
Open All Day.

OLYMPIA. THE ORIENT. OLYMPIA.
Open 12 to 11 p.m., without interval. 2000 Tickets for numbered and reserved seats at 1s. (including admission to all Side Shows) on sale from 12 and 6 p.m. for Morning and Evening Performances respectively. In the event of these being sold, Promenade Tickets at 1s. are issued at once admitting to all Side Shows, but not to Grand Stage Spectacle. Tickets 2s., 3s., 4s., and 5s., at the doors or in advance at all Box-Offices or Olympia. Children half-price to Morning Spectacle to seats above 1s. Covered Way from and to Addison Road Station. Oriental Warmth. 2500 Performers. The Grandest Show on Earth.

AMSTERDAM, 1895.

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Opening May, 1895.
Closure November 1, 1895.
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Programmes, forms of subscription, &c., on application through REUTER'S INTERNATIONAL AGENCY, 25, Old Jewry, London, and through the EXHIBITION OFFICES, 451, Singel, Amsterdam.

"THE RIVALS" AT CAMBRIDGE.

The Cambridge A.D.C. are to be congratulated on their triumph over influenza. They have given their five performances of "The Rivals" in spite of the numerous and malevolent attempts to spoil the play by laying low first one actor and then another.

Just before the first night, Friday, Feb. 15, Mr. Paul d'Hauteville and Mr. Pike succumbed, and their parts of Fag and David were hurriedly assigned to Mr. Talbot, the stage-manager, and to Mr. Edward Clark. To begin with the ladies—first, then, Mrs. Malaprop. Her "nice derangement of epitaphs" was admirably given by Mr. Austen Leigh, who was perfectly distinct without being over-emphatic—a rare gift in an amateur.

Lydia Languish looked long and lanky, but Mr. F. d'Hauteville could not help that. His acting deserved much praise, though, perhaps, in his desire not to be unsuitably gushing, he was hardly lively enough. He was absent on the last night, and everyone who went to the A.D.C. felt that influenza had deprived them of a good deal, although Mr. Jelf, who was Julia on the other nights, managed to fill his place very creditably, while Mr. Agar became the latter's substitute. Lucy—the little of Lucy that was not cut—was played by the Hon. Orlando Bridgeman, who looked charming in a much-quilted petticoat.

As to the men, Sir Anthony Absolute was admirably played by Mr. Geikie (the Iphigenia of the Greek play last term). He was peppery, yet there were stages and degrees in his anger, not one continuous pour of screeching rage. At times he was amiability itself.

Mr. Watson, as his son, Captain Absolute, acted extremely well, and did not lose his presence of mind even when his chair threatened to divide. Mr. Harrison seemed quite at his ease as Faulkland, but Mr. Murphy, though an Irishman, was not quite satisfactory as the bloodthirsty, impecunious Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Mr. R. Balfour made a lively Bob Acres, but danced and behaved better than we should have expected from the Squire of Clod Hall. Mr. Clark, as David, was comic, but unnecessarily repulsive; while Fag was the most dignified, gentlemanly being imaginable. If he did seem to respect himself more than his master, he could not be blamed for it. Truly he was a glorious creature! If the valets of the eighteenth century were anything like Mr. Talbot's Fag, it is a wonder the ladies ever consented to marry their masters.

B. H. J.

A FRIEND OF FEATHERS.

The Society for the Protection of Birds held last week its annual meeting, at the Westminster Palace Hotel, and the Hon. Sec., Mrs. F. E. Lemon, kindly answered a few questions put to her by a representative of *The Sketch* as to the aims and achievements of the society.

"Considering that we have only been in existence five years," she observed brightly, "I think that we have done well. We now number a thousand Associates and over eleven thousand members, and men and women belonging to every class of the community have testified in practical fashion their sympathy with our aims and objects."

"And what may these exactly be?"

"Firstly, to diminish and entirely prevent, if possible, the wanton destruction and injury of birds all over the world for what may be called decorative purposes—that of providing hat and bonnet trimmings; secondly, to preserve and protect British songsters, both the rare and common varieties, from the cruel and thoughtless bird-catchers who infest our country districts seven months out of the twelve, and sixty per cent. of whose little victims perish miserably within a few days of their capture. Any ornithologist will tell you that many exquisitely melodious English birds are literally disappearing from the earth."

"Does the Society hope to see an anti-bird-catching law carried?"

"Certainly. We should like bird-catching to be prohibited on all public lands. Even if the men who regularly follow the trade were obliged to provide themselves with a written order or permission to do so, there would still be more than birds enough for those who like to keep them in cages and aviaries."

"You mentioned, as among the first objects of the society, that of preventing the destruction of birds for decorative purposes. Do you, then, propose to influence the fashion, for that is, I take it, greatly a question of 'what is being worn'?"

"Of course, we hope to influence the fashion," replied the lady, smiling. "You know, we only have two rules, and the second of them is: 'That members shall refrain from wearing the feathers of any bird not killed for the purposes of food, the ostrich only excepted.'"

"But surely the plumage, if I may so style it, of the domestic fowl is often utilised in millinery. How is a lady to know the just feather from that improperly acquired?"

"I fear," answered Mrs. Lemon, with a touch of reluctance, "that it is safer to avoid feathers altogether. As you say, it is difficult to tell; and no nice woman, I feel sure, would like to assist, even indirectly, in the horrible wholesale massacre of birds now rendered necessary each year by the supposed demands of fashion. As our President, the Duchess of Portland, said in her letter to-day, 'To kill wholesale and eventually exterminate such beautiful birds as humming-birds, kingfishers, &c., for the sake of adorning hats, seems to be mere waste of God's creatures.' But," concluded Mrs. Lemon cheerfully, "the Society is making great way all over the country. You see, anyone can become a member by paying twopence and agreeing to the objects and the rules printed on every card of membership, and Associates give not less than one shilling annually, which covers the expense of our reports and notices."

AN EXPLORER OF THE NEW GOLD-FIELDS.

MR. ALBERT F. CALVERT.

A little while ago, finding, to my surprise and pleasure, that my accounts showed a substantial balance to the good, I bought some shares in a West Australian gold-mine, which, according to the prospectus, will soon bring me in several dollars a minute, and render it unnecessary for me to spoil pens and paper in order to earn a living. After making the investment, it seemed to be correct to satisfy myself as to its wisdom. I went to my broker. I call him *my* broker because he makes three half-crowns a year out of me, and I therefore feel entitled to consult him as often and as long as I please.

"You had better go," he said, "to Mr. Albert F. Calvert. No one knows more about the subject than he does. Look here"—he took down a book called "Western Australia: its History and Progress," and read from the title-page—"he's written 'Hints on Gold Prospecting,' 'Hand-book of Western Australia,' 'Pearls: their Origin and Formation,' 'The Aborigines of Western Australia,' 'The Forest Resources of Western Australia,' 'Western Australia and its Gold-fields,' 'The Genesis of Mineral Lodes and Ore Deposits,' 'Recent Explorations in Australia,' 'The Mineral Resources of Western Australia,' 'The Coolgardie Gold-field, Western Australia.'"

"Yes," I replied; "but I once wrote an article on China for an Encyclopaedia; however, I got it all from another, and know nothing about the hapless country."

"Oh! he's all right—he's explored the country, and he's a practical man. Why, look here"—he took up the book again: it is about the most colossal shillingsworth ever offered to the public—"he is Fellow Royal Geographical Society, Fellow Geological Society (Edinburgh), Associate Institute of Mining and Metallurgy (London), Fellow Scottish Geographical Society, Fellow Geographical Society of Australia, Fellow Royal Society of Australia, Fellow Colonial Institute, Fellow Imperial Institute, Member Newcastle Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers, Member British Association for the Advancement of Science."

So, being convinced, I got a letter of introduction from him, tore it up, because of the way in which he chuckled when writing it and the fact that he sealed it up, and boldly went to Mr. Calvert as the representative of *The Sketch*. I expected a weather-beaten elderly man, with red flannel shirt, gaiters, squash hat, &c., and was surprised when I saw such a being as is represented by the photograph that we reproduce.

"I presume," he said, "you don't want to interview me?"

"Well—I—that is—I should like to know whether the — Mine's a good property, and to —"

"No, really, I'm not prepared to give up a 'tip' for yourself or your readers, and I don't want to talk to you about myself; but, as I take a deep interest in Western Australia—the richest, least-developed country in the world, the Cinderella of our Colonies—I shall be pleased to give you full information on the subject."

"First-hand?"

"Oh, yes! though I might say that my grandfather, John Calvert, explored North-Western Australia as early as 1847, and, shortly after, tried to convince the world of its immense mineral wealth. No one would adopt his views, though he had already established his reputation as a mineralogist by such works as 'The Solvent of Matter and Motion,' a work which enraged the clergy; 'The Universal Distribution of the Metal Gold over Every Part of the Globe,' and had proved the existence of gold in Southern Australia. However, if you are interested in the career of a very remarkable man, you might read the book called 'Leaves from the Calvert Papers,' written by Mr. Graham Hill."

I have read the work, and it is a very interesting study in heredity. It shows the history of a family of explorers from the time of Van Calvert (Green Hill), who journeyed to the Holy Land in 1191. The family, it appears, came over from Flanders, in 1580, after playing a prominent part in its history. In the time of James I., Sir George Calvert, with a body of Catholic emigrants from Baltimore, Ireland, set sail to found a colony in Newfoundland. The King created him Baron Baltimore, Peer of the United Kingdom. He had a hard struggle with the French, and had to move the settlement to Chesapeake Bay. His son,

Cecilius, the second Baron, had the Charter for it granted under the name of Maryland. For eight generations the family held sway over Maryland, till the Declaration of Independence changed the state of affairs. Of course, I cannot trace at length the family history, which includes Edward Calvert, great-grandfather of my interviewee, the friend of William Blake and Linnell: his work as an artist is justly famous. Mr. John Calvert, the grandfather, of whom I have already spoken, and Mr. Frederick Calvert, his son, a great traveller and mineralogist, who works some large gold mines on the Amazon, are still living.

"My own exploring in Western Australia," said my subject, "began in 1890, when, in order to confirm the wonderful information given to me by my grandfather, I made a sketchy tour, starting from Cossack, in the north-west, and going to the interior; I was quickly satisfied of the immense wealth of the country, and returned at once to London. I made arrangements to conduct an expedition from Lake Gardner, in South Australia, to the outlying auriferous gold parallel connected with the Upper Murchison River. Unfortunately, owing to circumstances not under my control—"

"Put not your trust in boards of directors!" I remarked.

"You've hit the difficulty. I was compelled to start too late, and could not get camels. No, you're right in assuming they were not indigenous

camels, but imported 'ships of the desert'—they've done wonderful service in Australia. I changed the plans and the route, but had the same difficulties again. However, we made a start, and had a fearful time struggling against dust-storms and lack of water. We explored Mallina—where I found what I believe the richest association of gold and antimony in the world—and the Pelbarra Mines. At the Cunicasina Pool, I found crystals of ruby, sapphire, and tourmaline, a rich tin-lode, and a splendid leader of gold and quartz. Eventually, the lack of water, and peril of death from thirst, drove us back."

"I suppose that is the difficulty of the country—there are places where you'd give a pound of gold for a pint of water?"

"Yes and no. There is scarcity most years, but not always, in many parts, but only scarcity of surface water. There is plenty of water to be got, as a rule, by digging. No doubt the water question will be some impediment in developing the Westralian gold-fields, as it has in other cases. No fact, however, is more certain, has ever been more clearly proved, than that the mineral wealth of the country will repay a thousandfold the cost of sinking wells."

"You've got to put money into the ground in order to get gold out of it?"

"Precisely. After we came back, I visited the pearl grounds of the North-West coast, and then I completely circumnavigated the continent, an extensive, troublesome tour, performed by few travellers. On

my way back to England, I touched at Samoa, and had the pleasure of meeting poor Stevenson, who was very friendly to me."

"I presume that you had no desire for another expedition?"

"Oh, I am not great at sitting still; so in December, 1892, I made another exploration in Westralia, and visited, among others, Nicol, Egina, The Marble Bar Gold-fields, and Mallina."

"I understand that you have started a newspaper?"

"Well, on my return, in September, 1893, I started the *West Australian Mining Register*, and, after half a year, increased the size and changed the name to the *West Australian Review*."

"Is it a success?"

"A hard question. At least, it surpasses my calculations, and, if it is not quite so remunerative as *The Sketch*, it comes up to my expectations, and it grows steadily."

"What is your purpose?"

"To point out to Englishmen what a splendid colony they have long neglected. It certainly is not to boom the gold-fields. In the huge colony, whose area is nearly twenty times that of England, there is a vast amount of gold—more, I believe, than in any other country of its size; but it does not follow that all the gold-mines offered to the public will pay. Far from it; many are mere catchpenny tricks, got up to take advantage of the London market. One object of the paper is to steady the boom—to prevent the colony from getting a bad name through failure of mines that ought not to be worked. With the special knowledge that I have, and the reports from my agents,

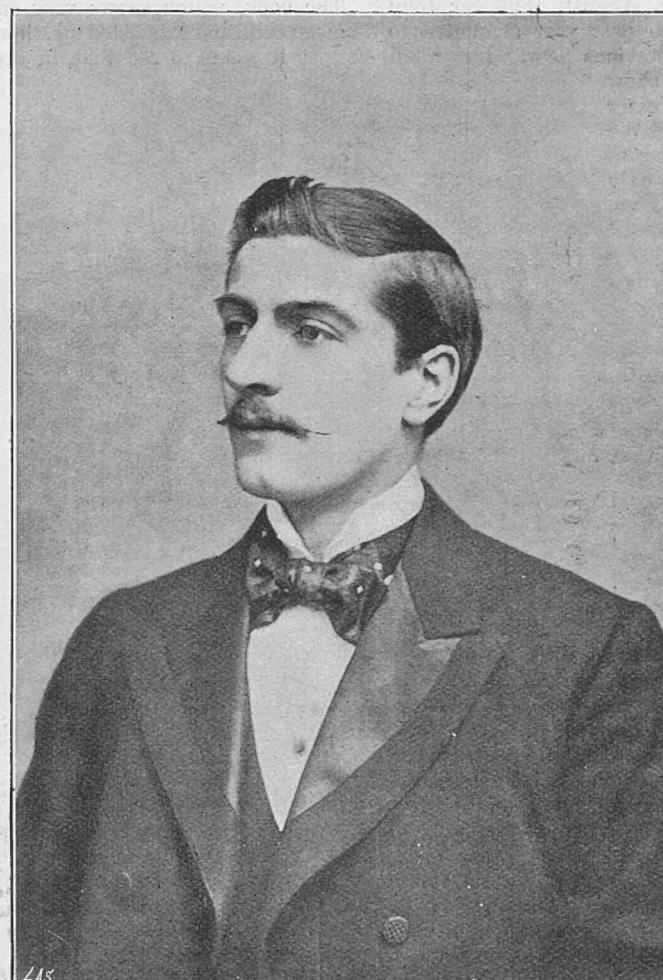


Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street.

MR. A. F. CALVERT.

we are able to point out which of the properties offered to the public are worth buying."

"But is gold the only wealth of the colony?"

"Of course not. Take 'Chambers's Encyclopaedia,' latest edition, which gives 1890-91 statistics. It refers to Westralia as 'the floral land.' The truth is that it is remarkably rich in timber. The forest regions of extra-tropic Western Australia cover an area equal to that of Great Britain. Over a great part of this, the Jarrah (*Eucalyptus marginata*) grows. It is now being used for paving in London, and is one of the most lasting hard-wood timbers of commerce. It is almost as beautiful as mahogany, and serves not merely for building but for art furniture also. In addition, there are many others, notably the wandoo, tuart, and karri—the latter also is used for wood-pavement in the Metropolis. There is sandal-wood as well. So great is the demand for these timbers, so close are they to the ports, that the question of the magnitude of profitable trade is purely one of capital."

"I heard someone speak of your wines?"

"I don't wonder. The vines are splendid, and the wines are full in body, rich in flavour. Of course, it takes a long time for the makers to learn how to take full advantage of the grapes, but there can be no doubt about the splendid future of the trade. Moreover, fruit exportation is going to be an important industry."

"I'm rather on the gold. Will you tell me how much gold has come out of the country?"

"Well, now, in the Legislative Assembly, August, 1893, Sir John Forrest said that the export of gold for the past year amounted to £276,807—an increase of £105,408 on the previous year. I can tell you that the South African gold-fields did not show progress at such a pace, though they had greater advantages, except in native richness of mines. We have but to keep up the present rate of progress to show results never reached before, and, since only the fringe of the fields has been exploited, I am confident that the development will be stupendous."

"What do you think are the main requisites for the full development of Western Australia's gold-fields?"

"Your question is a very wide one. The colony, of course, needs outside help—money and population. The first she will get when she earns the confidence of British capitalists; population will follow as a matter of course when railways and waterworks make the country attractive, and in all respects ready, as well as fitted, for settlement."

"I gather that you have a high opinion of the north-west gold-fields of the old Swan Colony, Mr. Calvert?"

"Yes; the district is magnificent—well watered, finely timbered, and far more accessible than Coolgardie and the Murchison. Marble Bar, Bamboo Creek, Mallina, and the new Nicoll gold-fields are extremely rich in gold. I am somewhat tired of the *rara-avis* talk, which first began about Bayley's and is now transferred to Coolgardie. 'Every dog has his day,' they say, and I am inclined to think that Coolgardie has had a fair share of the dog-days."

"Have you found the task of enlightening Englishmen, as to the merits of the colony, easy?"

"No; the amount of prejudice against the old Swan River Settlement has astounded me."

"How do you account for that?"

"Well, it is not easily accounted for. Sometimes I have thought that it is because of the well-known scarcity of water there. If there is one thing an Englishman dreads more than another it is thirst. Again, the average Englishman is, or pretends to be, extremely prodigal in the matter of washing, and the notion of 'dry blowing,' as a substitute for the morning tub, is an abomination of desolation for him; and then John Bull shies at novelties. So chilling has been the reception of many of one's efforts to get the truth about the colony received—at all events, until quite recently—that had I not had personal proofs, that is, the evidence of my own senses, to sustain me in the work of publicity I had embarked upon, I assure you, there have been times when I should have lost all heart and belief in my self-imposed mission. I should have said we Calverts must be mistaken when so many clever fellows are so cock-sure there is nothing of particular worth in Westralia."

"You have exhibited in London some of the specimens you found in Western Australia, haven't you?"

"Yes; I brought back many very rich specimens, both of free gold, and gold in its combination with the quartz, just as we had chipped it from the outcrops, and exhibited them in the Imperial Institute and at other public places in London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and they excited great interest."

"Have you confined your work on Westralia's behalf to London alone?"

"Well, London and Edinburgh have been my chief centres, but I have read many papers on the subject before some of the most distinguished men in several important cities outside the two capitals."

"By-the-bye, it seems hardly fair that all the expenses should fall on you personally. Does the Government help?"

"Well, it is not for me to say what the Government should or should not do; but, as a matter of fact, I have never received one shilling from either the Government or anybody else."

"You have written articles in newspapers other than your own, have you not? I fancy I remember one in the *Pall Mall Gazette*?"

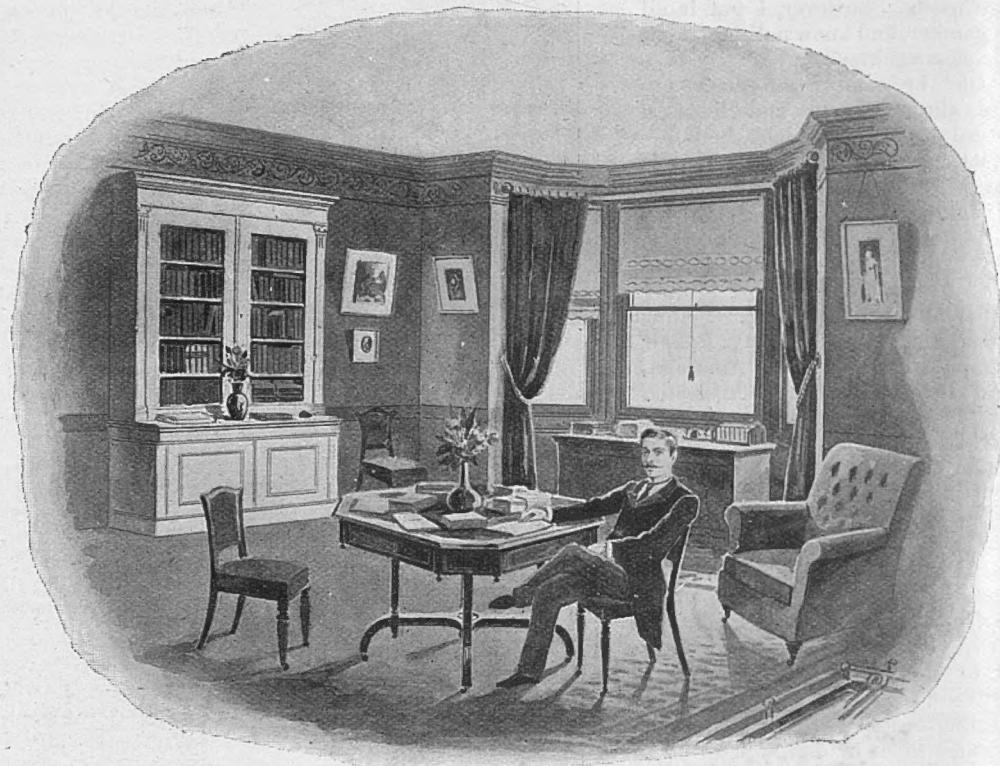
"Hundreds; but never in competition with the regular journalists. I have ever regarded myself as an amateur at that sort of work, and have always refused the suggestion of editors that I should take up my pen and systematically write for remuneration. I feel that gentlemen of the Press, who live by their contributions, should not have the ground cut, as it were, from under them by *dilettanti* to whom payment may be a matter of secondary consideration."

"Do you edit the *West Australian Review* yourself? I see it is a weekly, and means a lot of work."

"Certainly I do. I'm not afraid of work. Why, in addition to the list of books I've written that you'll find mentioned in 'Western Australia: its History and Progress,' I have just brought out 'The Discovery of Australia,' and am seeing through the press a companion work, 'The Exploration of Australia.'"

I looked at "The Discovery," and have read it since; it is a handsome quarto volume, illustrated by twenty-four curious ancient maps, in which an effort is made to determine the difficult and doubtful question as to who is really entitled to be called the discoverer of the continent. The book, which shows very considerable research, is written with no mean skill, and interested me, though the subject never attracted me before.

"It seems to me that, in order to get through so much work, you



MR. CALVERT IN HIS STUDY AT BROADHURST GARDENS.

must take little sleep; but don't you get tired of always dealing with such unimaginative subjects—mere facts?"

"Well, you know, there is not much scope for imagination in writing history; so, in order to give mine full vent and keep it from interfering with facts, I have written lately, in collaboration with my friend, Mr. Graham Hill, two librettos—one of a comic operetta, the other a tragic opera, entitled 'Lusette.'"

I smiled in the scornful way properly adopted by a critic when hearing of a gold-miner's efforts at drama.

He smiled too. "Tosti has bought the former and set it; the first performance is to be at Windsor Castle. The other is in the hands of Ascherberg and Co., who are arranging about the music."

Full of curiosity, I asked to see the books. The operetta is a really clever book, and, if the music is equally good, is sure to be successful. "Lusette" is a powerful, effective tale of the "Cavalleria" type, though in no way an imitation, and should give some musician a fine opportunity.

After getting to this subject, I could not well take Mr. Calvert back to Western Australia, so need not set down any more of my conversation with the handsome young man who has already done more than his share towards fulfilling the traditions of the remarkable Calvert family.

A Washington census gives the number of typewriters in use by the United States Government in that city as 1990, of which 1620 are Remingtons.

Before the alterations were made in the Paddington Churchyard, it was a favourite spot with Miss Mary Anderson, who might be seen, any bright morning, sitting on Mrs. Siddons's tomb, diligently committing her lines to memory. Truly, a pretty theme for a picture!

SMALL TALK.

It is possible that the Queen will leave England a week earlier than was originally intended, and she is expected to return from the Continent on Saturday, April 27, so that her Majesty will be absent abroad for about six weeks. The May Drawing-Rooms are intended to be held during the week after the Queen's return, probably on Tuesday, May 7, and Friday, May 10. The Queen will remain at Windsor Castle for three weeks after her return from the Continent, and will then leave for Balmoral, where she is expected to arrive about Friday, May 24.

The royal yacht Victoria and Albert, having completed her refit, goes to her moorings in Portsmouth Harbour next week, to be in readiness to embark the Queen for Cherbourg. The royal yacht will be escorted across the Channel by two cruisers and the Trinity yacht Irene. It is possible that the Empress Frederick may prolong her stay in England, so as to travel with the Queen as far as Nice, as she intends to be at Rome for Easter; but nothing has yet been definitely settled. There is no truth in the report that the Queen, as she returns from the Riviera, intends visiting the Empress at her seat near Cronberg.

It is probable that the next Drawing-Room will be held for the Queen by the Princess of Wales, as, according to present arrangements, her Majesty is not coming to town again before she goes abroad.

There will be a vacancy in the Queen's Household next month for a Page of Honour, as Mr. Geoffrey Stewart will then have to vacate his appointment on attaining his seventeenth year. The last vacancy occurred just a year ago, when Sir Albert Victor Seymour, the only son of the late Sir Francis Seymour, Master of the Ceremonies, succeeded the Hon. Maurice Drummond. There are four Pages of Honour, and formerly two were on duty in alternate months; but now those who are in waiting have only to be in attendance at Drawing-Rooms, State Balls, and Concerts, and special State functions, and can spend the rest of the year at school, improving their minds. The appointments are eagerly canvassed for, as there is a salary of £230 a year, and a commission in the Guards on leaving the Household. This latter perquisite was exceedingly valuable in the old days of purchase in the army, as the commission could at once be sold for a large sum if the recipient felt so disposed. Candidates are all personally inspected by her Majesty, and good looks are a great assistance in obtaining one of these coveted posts.

The Prince of Wales was the royal guest at the mess of the Gentlemen-at-Arms at St. James's Palace after the Levée. The mess-room of the Corps is now a very fine apartment, as the Gentlemen were allowed by the Queen last year to enlarge it by the addition of the adjoining small suite, which had not been used for a long time. The members of the Corps paid the whole of the expenses of the alteration.

The Master of the Horse, the Earl of Cork, was invited to dine with the Queen at Buckingham Palace last week, and it is said that the future disposal of the Ascot duties and patronage was very fully discussed. It is very probable that the whole of the patronage will be transferred from the Master of the Buckhounds to the Master of the Horse. The latter has always had to provide the carriages and horses for the royal processions, and he is responsible for the conveyance of the royalties both to and from the Court, so he might as well manage the whole business. The principal objection to this scheme is that it would give the Master of the Horse something to do. At present that functionary has a delightful sinecure, as all the work is done by the Crown Equerry, Sir Henry Ewart, and he secures, for doing nothing, the comfortable salary of £2500. In addition, a royal carriage, a pair of horses, and a couple of servants are placed at the Master's disposal free of all cost to him. All he is expected to do is to attend the Queen at Drawing-Rooms, be present at Levées, and give a State dinner on her Majesty's birthday.

I hear that her Majesty recently expressed a wish to see Mr. Herbert Schmalz's picture of the "Resurrection Morn," which is drawing so many visitors just now to Messrs. Dowdeswell's galleries in Bond Street. The Queen's presence in London for the Drawing-Room made a convenient opportunity for the picture to be submitted to her at Buckingham Palace, whether it was duly sent on the Monday prior to the State function. Messrs. Dowdeswell had the big canvas most artistically arranged in the Princess's Corridor, which is situate between the Queen's suite of apartments and those which were occupied by the Empress Frederick, who always takes a keen interest in art. The "Resurrection Morn"—which, by the way, found itself in the excellent company of many great works—remained at the Palace till the morning after the Drawing-Room, thus giving the Queen and the Empress ample time to enjoy the creation of an artist for whose work, on a former occasion, at Windsor, her Majesty had expressed great admiration. I may add that Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of York, and the Duchess of Teck had previously seen the picture in Bond Street.

The Italian papers declare that the Prince of Wales contemplates, during his approaching Continental tour, visiting Florence, where he will reside in the Pitti Palace. They also will have it that this visit is connected with the projected marriage of Princess Maud of Wales with the Prince of Naples. The Prince has made himself very popular, as is

well known, during his several visits to this country, and our Queen in particular is said, on good authority, to have been impressed by his culture, modesty, and amiability. It is conceded, though, that the Pope will strenuously oppose the union on religious grounds, though it does not seem to occur to the Italians that similar exception might be taken to it from our point of view. The Prince of Naples is at present entertaining at the Pitti Palace, and is expected to remain there for a short time.

The Duke of Cambridge has a princely readiness with a compliment. At Cannes, the other day, the Duke expressed himself very strongly against bicycling as an exercise for ladies. In the midst of his invective he was made aware that one of the most charming girls in the company was a diligent bicyclist. Turning to her, the Duke said, "My dear young lady, I wonder that you, who are so pretty, should disfigure yourself with an ugly bicycle!"

I see that in some parts of the country the cold has been so great that it has been found impossible to dig the graves. A postponement of a funeral under somewhat similar circumstances was not so very uncommon at one time on the wilds of Dartmoor, where the snow drifts to such depths as to render any traffic to the outlying farms almost impossible. I remember well, when I was a boy, and living on the fringe of the moor, how an old friend would relate, to the infinite gusto of us children, his weird experiences of such a postponement. The weather had compelled him to seek the shelter of a small farm near Saddle Tor, where he was hospitably entertained. In the middle of the night, hearing certain sounds, he peeped through the rough boarding of his bedroom "wall" to the big kitchen, and saw the body of a man being thrust into one of those long tubs in which the excellent Devonshire pig is pickled. So horror-struck was my friend that he took his way the next morning at as early an hour as was possible, in spite of the risks he ran by such a journey. The result was that he fell into a snow-drift, was only rescued by the merest accident, and lay ill at another farm-house for many weeks. On recovering, he remembered the horrible tragedy of the pickle-tub, and determined to give notice to the authorities. On his way to the nearest town, he passed the scene of his terrible experience, and curiosity induced him once more to enter. The woman of the house immediately recognised him as "the gent who was there the night they was salting down father," and then he learned that it was that ceremony—rendered necessary by the snow-drifts—which he had witnessed with such horror.

There is a dash of the topsy-turvydom of our only librettist about the fall and rise of Li-Hung-Chang. Unlike his German prototype, the Bismarck of China has been restored to his former position. The



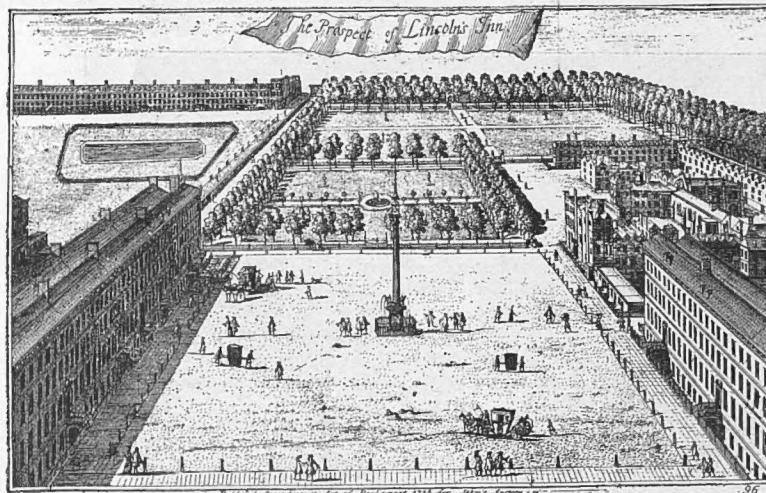
LI-HUNG-CHANG.

Emperor dropped his pilot, and the ship has been riddled. Whether the two things stand in the relation of cause to effect is not clear, but the fact remains that the pilot has been taken aboard once more, and he is to make for the haven of rest, for he has to make peace-terms with the all-conquering Jap.

Many men who attend race-meetings, either for business or pleasure, must be familiar with the habits of the card-sharpers, who often gather a rich harvest in the train between London and the racecourse. These thieves have of late years exploited the Continental railway lines, and do not always hesitate to resort to violence if they cannot effect their business quietly. A friend, who was recently travelling in France, told me his experience, which is worth repeating. For obvious reasons, I suppress names and definite particulars. He entered an empty first-class carriage with his sister, and, just before the train started, four men jumped in. They played, as usual, with flash notes, and soon invited him to join them, but he, of course, refused. They then tried to quarrel with him, but he took no notice, and looked out of the window. His sister was sleeping in one corner. Suddenly he saw by the reflection on the glass that one of the men was moving towards him, so he turned round, roused his sister, and stood up in his place. The man sat down again, and until the train reached a station the four remained quiet, whispering together.

When the welcome stoppage came, my friend picked up his hand-bags, and went with his sister to the door. One of the men opened it, and stood on the lower step. "This is not your destination," he said impudently; "get in again." With one vigorous blow, my friend knocked the rogue down, helped his sister to the platform, and shouted for the guard. Two officials appeared almost immediately. "There are thieves in the train," he said; "they tried to make me play cards, would have assaulted me if I had not been very careful, and then tried to prevent me from leaving the carriage." "Which is the carriage?" said the guard hurriedly. It was pointed out to him. The man who was knocked down had scrambled back, and the blinds were all drawn. Two officials hurried up, opened the door, and jumped in, and were followed by several others. The carriage was empty. The thieves had evidently taken the alarm and gone out on to the railway-line. The train was delayed while a strict but unavailing search was instituted. The only clue to the mystery lay in the fact that the gentleman whose journey had been thus delayed cashed a cheque for a large amount the day before he left Paris, and said to a friend who was with him that he was going by such a train to such a place on the following day. While saying so, he caught the eye of a man who was standing by the office counter. He says that this man was one of the gang. His business was probably to watch this place, where money is changed and tickets are taken, and to gather particulars of the destination of apparently wealthy travellers.

After a struggle of more than four years, Lincoln's Inn Fields has been secured as a public garden. The new garden, which was opened by Sir John Hutton on Saturday, is $7\frac{1}{4}$ acres in extent, and has been acquired at a cost of £13,000. Few open spaces in London have such



LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS IN 1755.

historic associations as Lincoln's Inn Fields. The Old Curiosity Shop, for instance, stands on one side, the quaint Sardinian Chapel hard by. A more interesting resort than the new gardens and their surroundings would be hard to find even in interesting London.

I see that the Supreme Court of Cassation has quashed the judgments of the magistrates of Bayonne and Nîmes, who allowed bull-fights in their respective towns. The effect of this action will be to close all the bull-rings in the towns of Southern France. Such a proceeding sounds simple enough, but will, in reality, give rise to a vast amount of trouble. Nîmes, Dax, Bayonne, Arles, and a number of towns in the South reap a huge harvest from their weekly exhibitions of tauromachy. Visitors flock in from all the neighbouring places, the price for hotel accommodation is run up higher than a kite, and a few seasons will enrich any town. Great Spanish matadors bring their *cuadrillas* across the Border, while the traditions of the fight are thoroughly maintained. At first, I believe, the bulls were *embolados*—that is, had the tips of their horns covered—and it was forbidden to kill the animals under penalty of a fine. As the taste for tauromachy grew, the bull's horns were left alone, the animals were killed *in coram populo*, and a rise in prices of admission satisfied the fines without reducing proprietary profits. So great has been the popular patronage that some *entrepreneurs* have been able to secure the services of such men as Guerrita and Luis Mazzantini.

When I heard Mr. Gus Elen, the other night, singing his coster song, "If it wasn't for the 'ouses in 'between!" my thoughts strayed to that particular House which "stands between." Of course, to different people, the prospects it "stands between" are very different. Lord Rosslyn in this issue presents one side of the case, and in the following continuation of Mr. Elen's ditty I beg to present others—

If you only saw old England with the Lib'ral prophet's eye,
You'd see what bliss Democracy would shower,
You'd conjure up a paradise where all the low are high,
And all the high are low, in point of power;
Where every man would have a vote, one vote and nothing more,
And everyone would have enough of work,
And poverty would never hover knocking at the door;
We'd be at peace with Russian and with Turk.

You'd see how very happy were the country,
From Middlesex to Skye and Skibbereen,
You'd give Home Rule to Paddy
And a croft to Highland Laddie—
If it wasn't for the House of Lords between.

But if you saw the vision with the Tory prophet's eye,
You'd see what damage Demos brings about;
How Labour's representatives, with all their hue and cry,
Would quickly put Society to rout.
And England, once all-powerful, would be humbled to the dust,
An island, of her colonies bereft.
You'd see all Europe fighting for possession of the crust,
Till we hadn't got a mile of country left.

Yes, you're certain that the country would be ruined
If it disendowed the bishop and the dean;
The Rads would take the railways,
And send all the brewers jailways,
If it wasn't for the House of Lords between.

But suppose you saw the vision of the Future with the eye
Of him who doesn't think it worth to burn
With wrath or exultation o'er the Budget and Supply,
But likes to see each Party have its turn.
He listens to the Tory, and he listens to the Rad,
And each he would allow to have his fling.
He doesn't think the Future will be bright or very bad;
But this is what he probably will sing—

"O! I'm certain that the country will be happy,
Though Radicals or Tories intervene.
The Tories may be shabby,
But we'd lose the wit of Labby,
If it wasn't for the House of Lords between."

And here I am reminded of several interesting facts about the Lords. The senior Peer, as regards age, is Dr. Durnford, Bishop of Chichester, who was born Nov. 3, 1802, and has consequently passed his ninety-second birthday. Next to him is the Earl of Mansfield, K.T., aged eighty-eight, and there are twenty-five other Peers who are upwards of eighty years old. There are fourteen minors, and six ladies who are Peeresses in their own right. Exclusive of these, the total number of Peers is 576. It is composed as follows: 6 Princes of the Blood (the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of York, the young Duke of Albany, and the Duke of Cambridge), 2 Archbishops, 22 Dukes, 22 Marquises, 119 Earls, 26 Viscounts, 24 Bishops, 308 Barons, 16 Scottish and 28 Irish Representative Peers. There are two or three cases of sons sitting with their fathers in the House, as in the cases of the Duke of Northumberland and Earl Percy (Lord Lovaine). Irish Peers are eligible for seats in the House of Commons, but this does not apply to members of the Scottish Peerage.

The Duke of Norfolk holds the office of Earl Marshal by hereditary right. One of his functions is, accompanied by the Lord High Constable, to usher the King's Champion into Westminster Hall, prior to the second course at the Coronation banquet. He is head of the College of Arms. Besides being Premier Duke and Earl, the Duke of Norfolk is a member of the School Board for London—a far more arduous position, and one which he fills with the same earnestness which distinguishes him in other walks of life. The Roman Catholic Church owns in him one of her most liberal and loyal supporters. The Duke recently entertained his political leader, the Marquis of Salisbury, at his beautiful seat, Arundel Castle.

The hereditary office of Lord Great Chamberlain, a personage who assists at the formal introduction of new Peers, is filled by the Earl of Ancaster. When the Sovereign opens Parliament, it is his duty and privilege to walk on the right of his monarch. All tickets for viewing the House of Lords, when not sitting, are issued from the office of the Lord Great Chamberlain. Lord Ancaster is sixty-four years of age; he had fifteen years' experience of the House of Commons as member for Boston, and, subsequently, for Rutland.

A member of Mr. John Hare's company at the Garrick Theatre for the new Pinero play will be Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, the well-known Sussex County cricketer, who used to be on the Stock Exchange, went out to South Africa with one of the first English teams, and, after his return to the Mother Country, took to the boards in a professional capacity. Mr. C. Aubrey Smith is brother, I think, to Miss Beryl Faber (the Latin equivalent, of course, for Smith), who is graduating in a good school as a pleasing actress. Mr. Smith was for some time with Mr. A. B. Tapping's company, and he is now playing Aubrey Tanqueray, on tour, to the Second Mrs. Tanqueray of Miss Cynthia Brooke, who figures on the opposite page.

FEB. 27, 1895

THE SKETCH.

229



MISS CYNTHIA BROOKE AS THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY.

"Don't you admire my cloak?"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

Few modern plays have such popularity as Mr. Gilbert's pretty version of the story of Pygmalion and Galatea. It was given at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Monday, under the direction of Mr. W. S. Shield, when Mr. G. H. Curry was the sculptor and Mrs. Curry the statue.

Several of those theatrical paragraphists who are nothing if not inaccurate have gone out of their way to describe as an Australian actress



Photo by R. E. Ruddock, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
PYGMALION AND GALATEA.

Miss Henrietta Watson, who has made such a big success in Mr. Ralph Lumley's "The Thorough-bred," at Toole's Theatre. It is true that Miss Watson has recently returned from a brilliantly successful engagement of some years' duration in Australia, but she has been performing on the British boards ever since her childhood, both her parents having been connected with the profession. When she played Stephanie de Beauharnais in "A Royal Divorce," to the Josephine of Miss Grace Hawthorne (now acting in India) and the Napoleon of Mr. Murray Carson, I was struck with the sparkling style and piquant appearance of the young comédienne. I am very pleased that my first impression has been amply confirmed by the course of subsequent events.

I was very sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Charles Jecks, father of that brightest and sauciest of stage *soubrettes*, Miss Clara Jecks. His wife was the late Miss Harriet Coveney, the youngest of a large theatrical family, and an important member of the Drury Lane pantomime companies during the régime of F. B. Chatterton. One of her sisters, Miss Jane Coveney, used to be an admirable exponent of "old women" parts. A big, brusque, kind-hearted man Mr. Charles Jecks was. He lived in the Strand, and was for a considerable time acting-manager for the Brothers Gatti, at the Adelphi, the house where, for years, his sprightly daughter played "chambermaids."

The Marquis of Queensberry is again on the war-path. He went to the St. James's Theatre, on the first night of Mr. Oscar Wilde's new play, armed with a bunch of carrots, which he intended to bestow on the author. Having received timely notice from the tradesman who supplied this novel bouquet, Mr. Alexander was able to frustrate Lord Queensberry's disinterested plan for the public entertainment. Obviously, a nobleman who wants to follow up a successful farce with a "pantomime rally" ought to take a theatre of his own. For this sufficient reason the Marquis was not admitted to the St. James's, and had to content himself with leaving the carrots at the box-office.

Years ago the Marquis of Queensberry made a great stir in a theatre by rising from his stall and protesting against the philosophy of Tennyson's unfortunate play, "The Promise of May." Atheism was held up to odium in that drama, and the Marquis considered this a fitting theme for extemporaneous and indignant eloquence. I understand that he is prepared to convince anybody, however illustrious, of the justice of his opinions. He proposed, not long ago, to convert the Prince of Wales, and called at Marlborough House for that purpose; but, for some inexplicable reason, the Prince was indisposed to sit at the feet of this Gamaliel. The Queen has also received evidence of Lord Queensberry's independence and public spirit. He complained to her Majesty of Lord

Rosebery's conduct in raising poor Lord Drumlanrig to the peerage, that nobleman being Lord Queensberry's eldest son. Perceiving that the occasion was eminently suitable for reminding the Queen of yet another wrong, the Marquis signed his letter, "Duke of Queensberry, who has as much right to the Dukedom as your Majesty has to the Crown." I understand that the Queen replied, with perfect gravity and in her own hand, that she was very sorry she could not help the Marquis to his Dukedom.

Mr. Irving's temporary absence from the Lyceum was more eloquent of the abnormal weather than any derangement of the thermometer. If I remember rightly, this is only the third time Mr. Irving has been prevented by illness from fulfilling his engagements with the London public. About sixteen years ago he was compelled to let the late Henry Forrester take a turn with Hamlet. Two or three years back he had to call in Mr. Hermann Vezin to play Macbeth. During Mr. Irving's recent absence, the part of the blameless Arthur was taken by Mr. Frank Tyans. Once, in America, Mr. Irving was unable to play Benedick, and at a few hours' notice Mr. George Alexander essayed the character. Some other changes had to be made in the cast, and there was a fascinating air of unpremeditation about the whole performance. To the speechless delight of the audience, Miss Ellen Terry carried the play by a wonderful exhibition of energy and address. She was actress, prompter, and even scene-shifter in one. She spoke the lines that other people dropped, and at one point gave a piece of belated scenery a push that sent it gracefully off, while the whole theatre shouted with joy. Certainly, a merrier representation of "Much Ado About Nothing" was never seen.

In an American paper the other day I saw reported the death of Miss Pauline Markham. To the present generation of playgoers, the name even of this lady is probably unknown, but to me it revived some of my earliest stage recollections of eight-and-twenty years ago. It was at the New Queen's, Long Acre, that I first saw Pauline Markham, a remarkably handsome woman, celebrated for the shapeliness of her arms, and a fairly competent actress. It was in that most laughable farce,



Photo by R. E. Ruddock, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
PYGMALION AND GALATEA.

"The First Night," that Pauline Markham was then appearing, with that most excellent actor the late Alfred Wigan, whose rendering of the old and impecunious Frenchman none who had the privilege of seeing it will forget. On the same evening (it was early in 1867) I first saw Miss Ellen Terry, who was playing the wife in "Still Waters Run Deep," in which excellent comedy she was supported by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan, Mr. Charles Wyndham (who played the villain in black whiskers and a smoking-cap), and by that admirable old artiste, Mrs. Stephens. Poor Pauline Markham left the English stage for America many years ago, and I am sorry to see that her circumstances in these latter days were far from affluent.

"Little Dick Whittington," by George R. Sims and Ivan Caryll, will be produced at the Avenue Theatre to-morrow. The production will be an elaborate one, and alterations have had to be made to allow for the increased company on the stage. The dresses are by Alias, from designs by Edel; and the scenery is by Ryan.

In Northampton, a well-known landmark has come to grief. This is Maidwell Hall, the seat of Mr. Reginald Loder, which has just been destroyed by fire. It was originally built in the sixteenth century on the site of a still more ancient building, a Franciscan priory, of which some remains still exist. The house was greatly altered and enlarged by the late Sir Robert Loder, the father of the present owner.



Photo by O. Katterns, Northampton.
MAIDWELL HALL.

It contained some fine old oak panelling, which has unfortunately been destroyed in the disastrous fire of the 16th inst. The house was beautifully situated on high ground in the centre of one of the best hunting countries in England, the Pytchley Hunt, of which Mr. Loder is a prominent member.

Another landmark of even greater antiquity has fallen. On the beach of Eccles, in Norfolk, stood a famous tower, eighty feet high. It stands there no more, or rather, only five or six feet of it remain, for the recent storms laid it low. With its fall, however, has been revealed a portion of the southern aisle, all that remained of the original structure, which was destroyed by the inroads of the sea in 1605.

The girdle which Shakspere prophesied would encircle the world seems inclined to be a little bit "tricky" in its evident desire to embrace a woman and a ship *en même temps*. Said a telegram, anent an ice accident and an incident at Wei-Hai-Wei, the other day—

Last Monday evening, a young lady, while on the ice at E——, inadvertently skated into a hole and was drowned. . . . In settling down, she made one or two laboured plunges, then, going down by her head, her stern rose in the air, and her propellers were seen to revolve rapidly before she finally disappeared, amid a scene of the greatest excitement.

There's a picture for you!

Last week, while strolling down Regent Street, and wondering why people cannot be busy gracefully, I met Albert Gilmer, the late manager of the Alhambra, looking very fit and well. We stopped to chat, and I apologised for writing his obituary notice in *The Sketch* before it was due. I remarked that the rumour of his death had gone all round theatrical London, and he explained the cause. When he was very bad indeed a reporter called to make inquiries. Just then his doctor came out of the house, saying, "It will only be a matter of an hour." The artful penman apparently reflected that it would take him a full hour before he could use the news, so he decided to kill the Alhambra's popular manager. He did so; the rumour spread, losing nothing in the spreading, and I, being told of the fact, recorded it. None the less, I was generous enough to forgive Mr. Gilmer for being alive and making my paragraph incorrect, and this shows how kind is my nature. I asked him for news, and learned that he is taking "Morocco Bound" on tour in the provinces, and that the company was rehearsing. I was graciously pleased to accept an invitation to the rehearsal, because a lively burlesque is an excellent antidote against the depression caused by horrible weather, large bills, the latest *Yellow Book*, and other ills poor flesh is heir to.

Mrs. Charles Mapleson's new school of stage gesture, deportment, and fancy dancing, established in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, is progressing apace. A few days ago I called on the great pantomimist and listened with much interest to some of her varied experiences. I will relate them on a future occasion. When I asked her about the abilities of the average amateur pupil, Mrs. Mapleson told me that the amateur pupil has suffered a great deal from the amateur instructress. Girls come to her saying that they can dance many rare and stately measures. She asks them to go through one and fails to recognise it. The pupil then usually says that she was taught by a private instructress who had not been upon the stage. No wonder the imbecilities of the amateur skirt-dancer of Theatre Royal Back Drawing-room remain with us.

The amateur rushes in where even an astute professional would hesitate to tread. The amateur has never known the shock of failure. As one of Shakspere's adapters wrote—

He jests at scars who ne'er, in climbing, hit upon
A place with broken glass and nails to sit upon.

That Attila of the British Postal authorities, Mr. Henniker Heaton, is anxious to know why her Majesty still appears on our postage-stamps as she was in the early part of her long and prosperous reign, rather than as she is now in real life, and on our newly issued coins. It is certainly strange that the latest issue of our stamps, designed in the Jubilee Year, should not have been brought up to date, and such a change would doubtless be welcome to the public in general, and to the philatelists in particular. A few of our Colonies have set us an example in this direction. New South Wales and New Zealand have each a stamp or two on which the Queen's effigy resembles that unpopular one on the Jubilee coins, while Newfoundland and Canada have specimens with her Majesty in a mourning costume, with a widow's cap. The only Colony, however, which possesses an entire set of adhesives with a design up to date is the comparatively new Niger Coast Protectorate, whose stamps are handsome and effective in both colour and design.

"The sturdy independence of English character"—poor overworked phrase! Still, fiction sometimes has a foundation in fact, and the facts occasionally crop up in amusing aspects. For instance, a waitress was, the other day at lunch-time, making out a miniature *billet* at one of those establishments of which the motto, if their principle accords with their practice—a coincidence, by the way, quite as rare as the accomplishment of the copybook morality inculcated by the transposition of those terms—might be "Meals for the Million." Her customers were two young men—young, that is, by nature, and men by profession—who had the appearance of having recently been "gay," and of making their first meal for the day. The bill was completed, and handed to one of the feasters, whereon quoth the other, "Oh, I say, hang it all, you know! Has she put 'em both together?" "Yes; that's all right." "No, no! Look here, that's bally rot!" "All right, old chap; my call, you know, this time!" So went the honourable struggle. They were both sturdy—sentimentally—and independent, and



ECCLES TOWER, NORFOLK.

the end was doubtful. At last, the youth who was in proud possession of the ticket rose, and followed by the other, still protesting, approached the cashier's desk. Then came the irrevocable step. The one maintained his noble determination that his "charges" alone should be concerned; the other went into the outer slush, a broken man, with the weight upon his soul of a grievous debt—two cups of tea—fourpence!

RATIONAL DRESS IN VICTORIA.

A NOVEL PICNIC.

Although the aggressive shriek of the New Woman has not had much effect, so far, in the masculinisation—to coin a new word—of the Victorian girls, they are certainly manifesting a practical predilection for the adoption of the more sensible portion of the New Programme, which consists of a revolution in dress. Christmas, 1894, marked a decided step in advance for the rational-dress movement—perhaps the most courageous step that has yet been taken by revolting woman in the Old Country or the New. The girls of the sunny colony of Victoria are not progressive, as a rule, nor are they very keenly receptive of the audacious ideas promulgated by their Old World sisters. Among our colonies New Zealand has hitherto been conceded pride of place for the production of advanced women with courage enough to demonstrate the progressive feminine theory and give it the force of practice—the lady mayor of Onehunga (now, alas! no more), the female franchise, and a wedding in bridal breeches, *par exemple*. It has remained for seven Victorian girls, however, to flout Mrs. Grundy publicly and eschew dressmakers and all their works. As that estimable lady was eating her Christmas pudding, little did she think that these Victorian daughters of hers were climbing the picturesque gullies and mountains of Fernshaw, in Victoria, clad in masculine garb, and camping at night beneath the towering eucalyptus, beside a refreshing mountain stream, and amid surroundings as uncivilised as they themselves would appear in the eyes of their more conventional sisters. The idea of a camp composed of the two sexes, but with one common garb, was promulgated by a bootmaker, Mr. George Rose by name, who resides in Windsor, a suburb of Melbourne, probably known to most Old World readers as the locality in which the notorious Deeming practised his nefarious deeds.

Hitherto ladies have been debarred the pleasure of camping in mountainous districts owing to the practical impossibility of climbing mountains and breasting their way through dense scrub with cumbrous skirts. When "The Amazons" was presented in Melbourne, a way out of the difficulty was at once discovered; and directly the idea was mentioned by the originator, the seven ladies first asked agreed without demur to discard their skirts and wander forth in the bifurcated garments. They patterned their apparel on the Amazonian costume of Mr. Pinero's fancy, and many anxious nights were spent in the construction of their novel attire, and not a few dress-rehearsals were held before the world had the pleasure of gazing on their disclosed nether limbs. Three of the suits consisted of navy-blue serge, with white shirts, neckties, brown knitted stockings, coloured sashes, and deer-stalker hats. Two other outfits were composed of fawn corduroy velvet coat and knickerbockers, with brown velveteen vests; while the two remaining were of fawn tweed, faced with brown velvet.

The party, consisting of eight women—one elderly lady adhering to her skirts—and seven men, set forth early on Christmas Day, and on leaving Melbourne there was nothing to distinguish them from ordinary every-holiday picnickers. The destination of the party was Fernshaw, a verdant, picturesque spot, nestling among mountains near the source of the Watts River, about forty miles from Melbourne, and forming part of the area from which the excellent water-supply of the latter city is obtained. A few years ago the place had every appearance of becoming a prosperous rural township, but the necessities of the vast population of Melbourne demanded that the water should be as pure as possible, and so all the dwellings in the neighbourhood were razed to the ground, to remove the only source of pollution, and now only a water-trough remains as evidence of former civilisation. The place, however, is a favourite resort for Melbourne people, the refreshing verdancy of its scenery, the bracing air of the mountains around, and the welcome shade afforded by the giant eucalyptus trees and the graceful fronds of umbrageous ferns, when all else in the colony is parched under a scorching sun, rendering it exceedingly pleasant for camping purposes. The picnickers travelled by rail. One can imagine, but not describe, the sensation which would be created in the rustic mind on seeing seven females, rationally clothed, and apparently in their right minds, step out of the train, showing the

contour of their legs, which had been hidden from the public gaze since the hair went up and the dress went down. An open drag-and-four conveyed the party to the camping-ground. Three tents were erected, one for the men, one for the women, and the third for the stores—the party having come for a three days' stay. Meals were taken at a common cloth spread on Mother Earth, the ladies lying round on rugs, free from the anxiety to which they had hitherto been accustomed as to whether their ankles, or anything but their skirts, were showing. Special excursions were arranged every day, and, much to the delight of the ladies, they found they could, without the usual discomforts, indulge in all the recreations which have hitherto come more particularly within the province of man. For instance, it is decidedly novel to see a woman striking a match in the manner disclosed in the view "A Quiet Smoke"—plainly modelled on the first act of "The Amazons." Also, there is a look of comfort and contentment depicted on the faces of the women in the view "Mrs. Izaak Walton Up-to-Date," which is not usually present when girls go fishing in skirts. The advantages of the rational dress were demonstrated when penetrating thick scrub, climbing fences, walking through wet grass, surmounting logs, crossing streams, and ascending mountains. Indeed, it was noticeable that, throughout all the excursions, male aid was rarely sought. The leeches, too, which abound in the district, and which are always a source of terror to skirted women, were treated with supreme contempt by the rationalised woman. The evenings were spent round a roaring fire, and, to the accompaniment of a flute, the discordant sounds of croaking frogs, and the idiotic laugh of the jackass, songs were sung with much zest, and the mountains re-echoed the curious medley of sounds.

Strange that the seed sown by the pioneers of the New Woman movement in crowded London should be fructifying so quickly 15,000 miles away by this Victorian mountain-side, far—very far—from the madding crowd. But perhaps it is not altogether inapposite that the New Woman should thus early manifest herself in Melbourne, for does not—or rather, did not—the authoress of "The Yellow Aster" (Mrs. Mannington Caffyn) live within five minutes' walk of the promoter of this novel picnic? The first airing of the female bifurcated garments in Victoria has been a pronounced success. Not a hitch occurred, and not so much as a button was lost or a brace-buckle burst.

The women who indulged in this first bid for freedom went back to their skirts with painful reluctance, and now Melbourne femininity is engrossed with the subject and devising schemes for a similar experience of emancipation. A young girl carried the idea a step further the other day by riding three hundred miles in ten days on horseback, through Gippsland, clad in rational dress, and astride her animal. It is a common sight to see rationalised cycling women about the Melbourne streets—particularly after dark—and Mrs. Annie Besant's only daughter (Mrs. Besant-Scott) is a recent convert to cycling and the new costume. A picnic similar to that described above, but on a much enlarged scale—so great has been the expressed desire by women to wear the knickers—will be carried out at Easter. The accompanying photographs were taken by Mr. George Rose, the promoter of the picnic.

R. C. BURT.



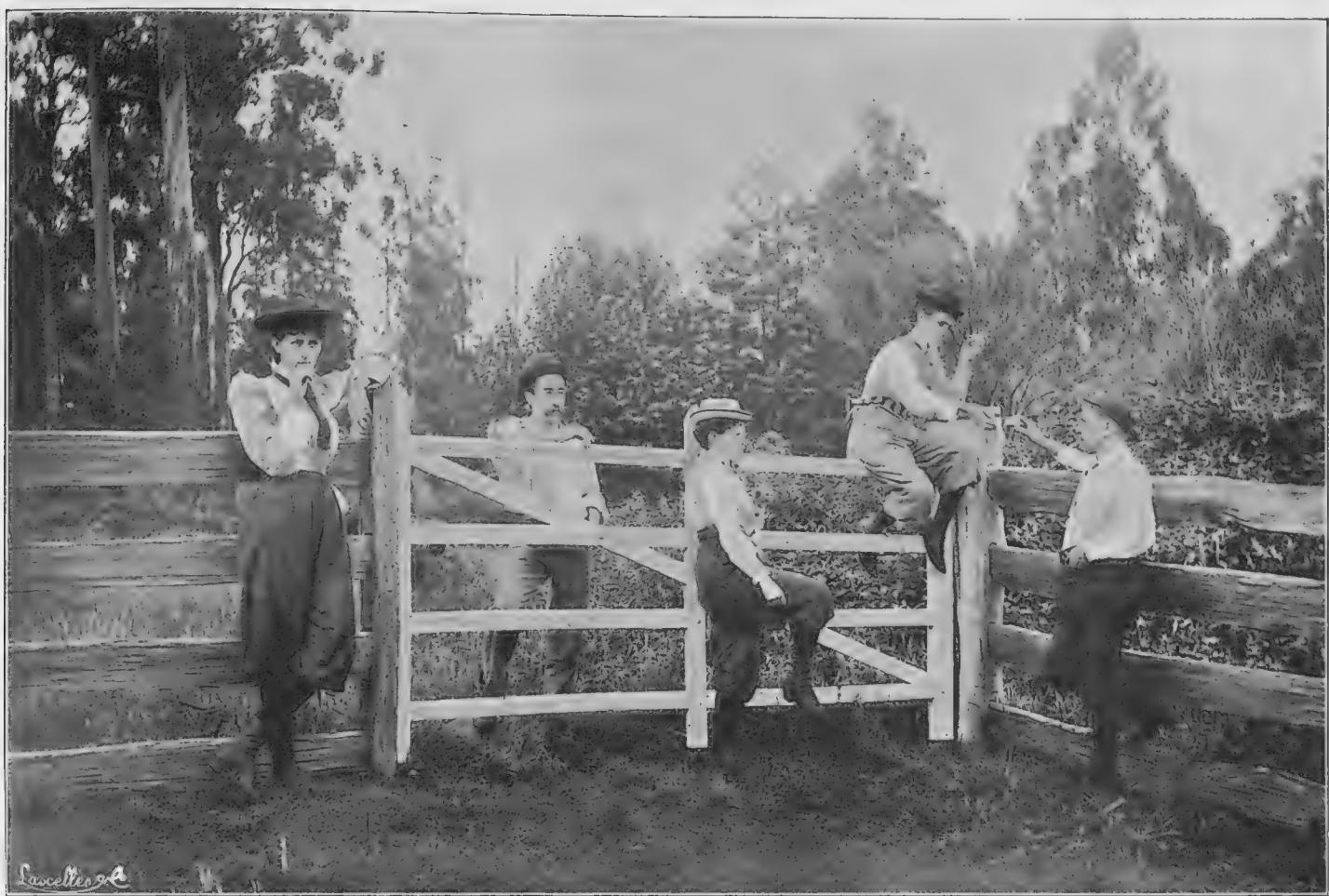
MRS. IZAAK WALTON UP-TO-DATE.

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HIDING-PLACES IN THE PALAIS BOURBON.

The Palais Bourbon is honeycombed with romantic underground passages and labyrinths. When the Germans made it apparent in '71 that they would enter Paris, some legislative relics which it was desirable to preserve worried the souls of their custodians, who knew not where to place them. A plan for excavating beneath the palace was accordingly, after much deliberation, drawn up by the architect, and submitted to three others in authority, who approved of them, and workmen were promptly conveyed blindfold to the scene of their labours. In this hiding-place, which was thus known only to four, were placed many documents of the first Revolution, manuscripts of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, plate which belonged to the Chamber, flags won in battle, and other trophies which France desired to secure to her sons. So well was the work done, and so carefully planned, that after the peace great difficulty was experienced in finding this temporary tomb, even with the guidance of four maps.

HOW THEY PICNIC IN VICTORIA.

Photographs by Mr. George Rose, Melbourne.

A QUIET SMOKE.



THE WHOLE PARTY.

“A CHAT WITH A PLATONIC REBEL.”

The other day, as I walked past the top of Parliament Street, I noticed a little crowd round the statue of Charles I. I edged my way in, passed under the arms of a policeman, and saw that the people were gazing at wreaths which decorated the statue, and particularly at one with an inscription—“God bless Queen Mary!”

“Who is Queen Mary?” said to me a man who was carrying a carpenter’s bag. “She is the great-great-great-great-granddaughter of Charles I.,” I answered, “and some people think she ought to be on the throne of England.” “Gammon!” replied the carpenter; “give me John Burns.” “Now then, move on!” said the policeman; so I went to the Temple, and paid a visit to Mr. Lambert Bond, since I know he is a member of a Stuart Society.

I found him in his chambers at the Temple, for he is a practising barrister, and consequently not a man in whom any visionary schemes of rebellion are likely to find a home.

“You’re a prominent member of some Jacobite body, aren’t you?” said I, after introducing myself, for the fellowship of the bar entitles any wig-wearer to treat himself as an acquaintance of another.

“I am a member,” he replied, “of the Chapter of the Order of the White Rose. What are the aims of the Order? I’m afraid I can’t disclose them to you, unless—well, I’ll wire to the Chancellor and ask his opinion. Will you come back in half an hour?”

I did, and found that the Chancellor had graciously given his consent.

“Please understand that I speak merely as a member of the society, and not officially. What are we? Certainly we are not out-of-date rebels, as some people pretend. We are a body to whom the idea of monarchy is a cult. We have not the least desire to remove Queen Victoria from the throne—indeed, I may say that the result of our working tends to support her. Mind you, we do not consider that her title is well founded. According to our theory, which is that of the Divine right, Mary of Modena, as you call her, has a true claim, for we do not admit the right of Parliament to change the succession. The motto, ‘A Deo Rex, a Rege Lex,’ sums up our views.”

“You seem to be decidedly platonic rebels,” I observed.

“I don’t accept the term rebel: it is the converse of our position. Still, mind you, it would be only in case of a change of form of government or vacancy of the throne that we should put forward the claims of



Photo by Martin and Salnow, Strand.

MR. LAMBERT BOND.

Queen Mary. What about Mr. Herbert Vivian and “The Whirlwind”? He has nothing to do with us. You are mixing us up with the ‘Legitimist Jacobite League,’ quite a separate organisation. The difference? Well, to begin with, we are an aristocratic body, and appeal only to the classes; they are democratic, and appeal to the masses.”

“They are somewhat less platonic, then, are they not?”

“I don’t hold a brief for them. You may be correct in suggesting that they are more vigorous in language than we. You can learn that by comparing their organ, the *Jacobite*, with ours, which is the *Royalist*. You see, we are simply anxious to oppose the Republican idea of governing by counting of heads, since we believe that the sentiment of loyalty to the monarch is a great factor in the prosperity of a nation.”

“You appear, then, to be intensified Tories.”

“Not a bit! Some ardent members of the Order are Home Rulers. What do we do? Well, not only do we try to foster the spirit of loyalty—though leaving the question of the object of it open—but we seek to refute the calumnies of historians—notably, Macaulay—concerning the Stuart family. For instance, we have succeeded, to a substantial extent, in showing that James I. was an abler, stronger man than is generally supposed. Yes, it is through his grand-daughter, Sophia, that Queen Victoria traces her title, while that of Queen Mary is from Henrietta, daughter of Charles I., and I need hardly tell you, as a lawyer, that the latter is the better pedigree.”

“Would you mind telling me the actual pedigree of ‘Queen’ Mary?” I asked.

“Well,” he replied, “Henrietta, youngest daughter of Charles I., married Philip, Duc d’Orléans, and their daughter, Anne Marie, was wife of Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy and King of Sardinia. Then there were three generations of male issue, all Kings of Sardinia, and Mary, daughter of the last of them (Victor Emmanuel I.), married Francis, Duke of Modena. Their daughter, Maria Theresa, who was born in 1849, is Queen Mary III. and IV., and is, of course, the true titular owner of the throne. She, in 1868, married Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, and has a son, Rupert, who was born at Munich in May, 1869.”

“And the descendants of James II.?”

“We look on that branch as extinguished. The last was Henry IX., Duke of York, Cardinal, and Bishop of Frascati, who died in 1809. What are our proceedings? Well, we held five meetings last year at Sion College, which has been kindly lent to us. Papers are read, then there is a discussion, and afterwards music and conversation, and newly discovered Stuart relics are exhibited.”

“It sounds very harmless,” I remarked. “Who are the officers?”

“The Chancellor is Mr. Ernest Radclyffe Crump; the Recorder is Mr. R. E. Francillon, the novelist. The Order was founded seven or eight years ago; the leading spirits were Mr. Crump, Mr. Francillon, and the Hon. Mrs. Greville Nugent.

“May I ask whether you have many members?”

“Oh, yes! The number of Companions—an exclusive body, the members of which are supposed to be entitled to bear coat-armour—is almost up to the limit, while we have plenty of Associates.”

The last words Mr. Bond uttered to me were, “I hope you’ll let your readers understand that we have no feelings of hostility to the present occupant of the throne.” With these glad tidings in my ears, I left Mr. Bond free to return to the study of his briefs.

MONOCLE.



Photo by Dittmar, Munich.

PRINCESS LUDWIG-LUITPOLD OF BAVARIA,
Born Archduchess Maria Theresa of Austria-Este-Modena, Heiress-of-Line of the
Royal House of Stuart.

THE POETS IN BOOKLAND.

A BALLADE OF BOOKS.

I cannot golf from morn till night,
To sew I am not much inclined:
I joy when James the gong doth smite—
No sound’s so pleasant to my mind;
For nothing can I ever find
In Mudie’s parcel, searched with speed,
Which Aunt considers (how unkind!)
Fit for a modest maid to read.

At “Tess” she shut her lips so tight,
I’m sure her teeth began to grind.
The “Heavenly Twins” then hove in sight,
With what I thought a fav’ring wind.
The title really seems designed
To innocence one’s thoughts to lead,
But Auntie says the name’s a “blind.”
What is a modest maid to read?

A “Pseudonym” in yellow bright
Looked, oh! so tempting! and I pined
To “Study in Colour” all the night
The very moment I had dined;
But this was also underlined
In Auntie’s list with stern “Take heed”
(Fears she a panther for her hind?),
“Tis not for modest maid to read.”

ENVOI.

Prince, who my meaning hast divined,
In scanning what is but a screed,
Pray tell me—in sweet verse entwined,
What is a modest maid to read. T. P. STUART.



MISS PATTIE BROWN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

A PEER IN DEFENCE OF HIS ORDER.

THE EARL OF ROSSLYN ON THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Lugubrious enemies are upon us! A time-honoured and valued institution is being threatened by a party of Jacobins, a composite faction of groups, each of which is not absolutely impotent only because it is in an unprincipled league with others as ridiculous as itself. If the menace came from any group individually, it would be treated with amused disdain. Is the fact that each of seven sections is contemptible a reason why an Englishman, with a soul to call his own, should have any respect, genuine or affected, for the truculent total? Let us be candid. I, for one, feel as some mediæval torturer felt when the thumb-screws were being applied to his victim, and I gloat over the daily—nay, hourly—mental anguish that the present Ministry are enduring as they recognise their gradual impotence, and await, with feverish anxiety, the inevitable fate of the ludicrous conspiracy of faddists with mongers of sedition. Do they recognise that the result of their outcry against the House of Lords will be to strengthen the battlements of that great fortress against any further assault, and to give it that which they desire to alienate—public favour? Do they imagine, in their blindness, that they can succeed? And, if they think they can succeed, have they any thought of the morrow, or what a national calamity the loss of a Second Chamber would be? Do they realise that in years to come any intrigue of any party, any error of any reigning Party, any spiteful or malignant combination, any Socialistic, or, even worse, Anarchistic conspiracy might wreck the Realm beyond recall, overthrow the Monarchy, and lead the country into civil warfare? Surely these would-be destroyers of a Second Chamber have not realised the gravity of their undertaking; or have they realised it, and are they using their unauthorised votes against the House of Lords in the hope that they may get a further mandate from the country to complete their programme of disruption and dishonesty?

Why are we, a hitherto respected Assembly, about to be arraigned for trial? What charge is being levelled against us? What crime can be brought to our doors, unless it be that we are "hereditary legislators"? I do not advocate a system of hereditary legislation; on the contrary, it is distinctly within the bounds of possibility that such a system might be injurious to the welfare of our country. But has it been so? Has the House of Lords frustrated the wishes of the people? Are we, as legislators, corrupted or corruptible? I venture to say that there will be found throughout the world no body of men more likely to be incorruptible than those who constitute the House of Lords. They have nothing to gain, but rather everything to lose, by corruption; they are able to discern between right and wrong, and, by their greater leisure, are well fitted to revise, or to reject, hasty and careless legislation. Our enemies have declared war because, they say, we will not sanction or allow to become law any of the measures which they have passed through the House of Commons. And how have they passed them through the House which "represents the people"? By weapons which have been a discredit to those who used them: by the suppression of that freedom of which we all boast—the freedom of speech. And in one especial case (I cannot help alluding to that well-worn subject), the Bill for the Better Government of Ireland, had the people's representatives any "mandate" whatsoever? Were the people of Great Britain and Ireland cognisant of the terms of that Bill during the time of the General Election of 1892? Did the candidates for election themselves know its terms? Did they think it fair to allow Ireland to govern itself and at the same time have a voice in English and Scotch affairs? Does anyone suppose that the people of Great Britain will sanction such a measure now that its terms are exposed?

I do not wish to enter into the political question which caused the House of Lords to be brought into such notoriety—as a revising Chamber, the one must necessarily, to a certain extent, walk hand in hand with the other—but my humble conviction is that the "filling of the cup" has only been the natural outcome and sequel of our action in throwing out the Home Rule Bill. The other measures which came before us were of secondary importance, and I feel convinced that the hurrying

through of such bills as the Evicted Tenants Bill and the Sea Fishery Bill for Scotland merely indicated the Government's desire to catch votes at the General Election by a cry that we, the House of Lords, had refused to pass all the "boons" which they, by virtue of Irish votes, had forced through the House of Commons. I should not like to compare the members of our House with those of the Lower, not because I fear the comparison might be unfavourable to my present argument in favour of the House of which I am a member, but because such a comparison is not only impossible, but would answer no purpose were it to be made. I do not think it is denied that the average debating powers of the one House are quite as good as those of the other; nor do I think it will be denied that there are many "figure-heads"—if I may apply the word to animate beings—whose services could be dispensed with in both Houses. At the same time, I assert that there are hundreds of Peers who would prove formidable candidates for the House of Commons at a General Election. And this assertion leads me to another. If the Radicals really wish to abolish the "veto" of the House of Lords, there are many members of that House who would gladly welcome the freedom to stand

for the House which is meant to represent the views of the people. In the House of which I am a member, the daily routine is dull and uninteresting enough to a young man who longs to have genuine employment in the political service of his country, and not merely to be used as a voting-machine when some rare opportunity occurs; but though, as in the House of Commons, the debates are, for the most part, confined to a fraction of the members, I deny that the Conservatives are led thoughtlessly, without premeditation, into the Opposition lobby by their leader. My own impression is that the smallness of the attendance in the House of Lords during everyday routine is due merely to the fact that we have not enough work to keep us regularly in our places. It is only on matters of grave importance that we exert ourselves to vote.

The House of Lords has become increasingly Conservative since 1885, for the declaration of the Home Rule Bill drove over to the Conservative Party so many honest Liberals. These at the time were called "renegades," "dissidents," and other by-words from the amazing lexicon of Liberalism lapsed into chagrin. The obvious truth is that the honourable men to whom I have alluded never did desert true Liberal principles. It was the pseudo-Liberal policy that went astray. The true policy of the Liberals has gradually, and till recent years imperceptibly, disappeared, until it has discarded the name of Liberal, and been swallowed up in the policy of the avowed Jacobin—the Yahoo of the Modern Spirit. With so large a proportion of landowners as the House of Lords represents, it is but natural that the element of Conservatism is largely predominant. Why should this militate against them? They have to bear the burden of the taxation of the land: their interests lie, therefore, in the land itself; and I consider that those whose lives are devoted to their estates, and to the people who till the soil,

are better able to judge what changes of polity are required for the working classes than men who make politics a profession.

The force which is attacking us is not unanimous in its mode of assault, nor would it be strong enough if it were. The country has recognised that this is a desperate flank attack against an innocent and respected institution, to cover a series of blunders and an ignominious retreat. When the war is over, and possibly even now, the question may be asked, "Can the House of Lords be improved or strengthened?" My answer to this is, that there is room for improvement in everyone and everything, but if there is no man who can suggest a better Second Chamber than the present one, surely we should "let well alone." The House of Lords has the thanks of the country, I am assured, for its recent actions, and I am confident that no right-thinking man will blame it for the way it has done its duty. Time alone will show the results of these actions; and when that time comes—which assuredly it will, and at no very distant date—when petty party politics shall have been forgotten in the rise of a great Realist League, whose chief aim and exertion will be in the direction of finding profitable employment for our enormous population, and of formulating some scheme whereby our national agricultural industry may be restored to its natural prosperity—then we shall find that the House of Lords has done its share in the renovation of the greatest empire in the world.



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street, W.

Rosslyn

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

LILITH.

BY BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

"She was made like a soft, sweet woman."—ROSSETTI.

In my brain a dull, heavy sound of knocking—a muffled, stealthy sound, as if those who knock would do so noiselessly if it were possible.

Is it the echo of something I have lately listened to, or is it the beating of my heart, quickened beyond its wont by a nameless sense of bereavement and blight, to which it has hitherto been an absolute stranger? I open my door and strain my ears to catch the slightest movement in the house. Not a footfall, not a breath, no stir of life in the blank, intense stillness of the empty passages; only the silence of Death! Upstairs in that lonely room he lies, serene and peaceful, as if he were asleep: the only man who has ever roused the faintest interest in me—and Renée's husband!

I smile when I think of it. Little Renée! It seems only a short time ago that we were at school together: she the youngest, and the pet and plaything of all the other girls; I their reigning queen, and with no slave so devoted, so abject as Renée. Pshaw! it wearied me, and even angered me sometimes, as we grew older.

She had no notion of my real self, no faintest conception of what, to my own mind, was really admirable in my nature. The very qualities in me that dominated her, and most people who came in contact with me, were a dead-letter to her; she neither imagined them, nor would have understood them.

"Lilith," she would say to me sometimes, after gazing at me for a long time, "if I were a man I should simply worship you, you are so lovely, so perfect. As it is, I adore you! I wish I could do something splendid for you—make some great sacrifice for your sake!"

Little fool! As if my beauty were anything to me, except as a means to an end. Power! that was what I wanted—intellect and power; they were my gods. Love, the fawning, indiscriminating devotion, she, and so many others, offered to me—what did I care for it? it bored me.

I was glad when the time came for me to leave my little band of worshippers at school, and go out into the world, and learn my true value. Glad, too, to say good-bye to Renée, whose baby-face, with its devout expression of reverence for me, and baby-ways, irritated me.

She cried, I remember—floods of tears, and said she should never forget me.

I never gave her a thought after that, till her letter came, three months ago.

I had been living every day, every hour of my life, acquiring fresh knowledge not only of facts and theories, of arts and sciences, but of myself and of others. For knowledge of all kinds is power, and for that reason I have pursued it, have devoted myself to it, lifting myself above the petty interests and vanities of everyday life, able to look down contemptuously on those who are absorbed in them, and who grovel in a lower atmosphere while I breathe the upper air, tread on the heights above them, and feel myself "as a god, knowing good and evil."

The letter, how vividly it brought her back to me! The old, caressing names, the dog-like fidelity!

I am so happy, Lilith. You know, of course, that I am married, and to the hero of my childhood, the Claude Delisle who came sometimes to my mother's house when I was at home for the holidays, and of whom I used to speak to you sometimes. I can hardly believe even yet that I have won his love—stupid little me!—and I was half afraid to marry him for fear he should be disappointed in me. I used to wish that I was beautiful and clever, like you, and then I could have been certain of keeping him.

But he is quite content with me as I am, and there is only one thing wanting to make my happiness complete, and that is to see you again.

I have told Claude all about you, and he says that he quite longs to know this ideal of mine; I want him to see that I am not too silly to have clever friends—I am so proud of you.

When will you come? We are waiting for you, and you will find that, in spite of my love for Claude, your old place still belongs to you in the heart of your

RENÉE.

I wondered whether I would go or not, and wavered over it with a want of decision that is quite unlike me.

But in the end I came—I do not know why. Chance or Fate?

I had heard of this Claude Delisle, as an exceedingly clever, rising man—a brilliant sceptic, whose arguments on most subjects were bold and worth considering.

He was interested, too, I was told, in my favourite study of the moment; and perhaps Renée's devotion to me would be less oppressive and fatiguing now she had another idol to kneel to.

So I came.

I cannot tell even now what attracted me about him. He was handsome, commanding, intellectual; other men with whom I have associated have been so—I have felt complete indifference to them. He was not deferential to me like they were; perhaps that was the reason. He was imperious and masterful from the first, almost disdainful sometimes, and that roused my antagonism, and made it worth my while to match my strength against his, and, where my intellect fell short, to use my personal attractions.

Sometimes he would come to me for advice or help in his work, and more than once I solved a difficulty for him, or gave him some new light

on a vexed question; and those were the moments of my greatest triumph.

He would forget, in his enthusiasm, that I was a woman, and a woman whom he had ventured almost to slight, and he would treat me as a comrade and would lower his guard. It was then that, putting aside my mental victory over him—so hardly won, and so well worth winning, to my mind—I would employ the wiles I most despised, would withdraw myself in feminine reserve, drooping my lashes over my eyes, letting the colour come and go in my cheeks, laying my hand, which is small and soft and white, on his, inadvertently, until his thoughts, recalled from the consideration of the abstract, centred themselves with unconscious definiteness on me, and I would leave him, disturbed and wondering. I can recall it all so clearly, and it interests me; it is a study of a phase—an experience of power and possibility.

I remember one evening, when he had worked at his book all day,



"Lilith, you are an angel!"

forbidding interruption, and peremptorily refusing Renée's entreaties to allow himself some rest and refreshment.

"You go to him, Lilith," she said to me; "he is translating that difficult book, and he has come to a passage that puzzles him. He says that he will not leave it until he has found the meaning. Perhaps you could help him with it."

Her eyes were full of tears, and she looked pale and troubled; I remember.

She had lost some of her vivacity and prettiness, I noticed, lately—hers was the beauty of youth, of rounded corners, and dimpled curves, of bloom and sparkle, and soft caressing allurement, *beauté du diable*; and she attracted you as a kitten may, in an idle moment, or any young, soft, crushable thing.

But her husband's growing indifference to her, and a sort of irritable condescension in him towards her, had not escaped her notice, and I think she fretted over it secretly. She had not then begun to attribute it to my influence over him; she believed it to be due to her own inability to sympathise with and help him in his work, and she clung to me all the more, with the hope that through me she might keep him content with his home and prevent him seeking interests further afield.

Silly child! Of course, he was tired of her. How should it have been otherwise? She should never have married him, a "king among men." Those of short stature should be content with pygmies; dwarfs should not mate with giants.

She had worked out her own destruction. If he had cared for me, as I suppose he cared for her at that time, I should have refused to bind myself to him, and, in refusing, have riveted the fetters of the chain that bound him.

So I went to him that night.

He was so absorbed in his book that, when I entered and walked lightly up to him, he did not hear me. I bent over his shoulder, and saw at once what passage it was that had baffled him all these hours. Long before, it had roused my keenest interest and curiosity, and I had thought



"It is the picture of the woman who nursed him!"

of it for many days and nights, till at last the meaning of it flashed across my brain with a sudden inspiration, an intuition, such as must have come to him who wrote it, before he set it down in words that are as a locked door to those who read until they hold the key. I leant over Claude, and, dropping my finger on the lines, said in a calm, level voice, "I see you have reached this interesting bit, the best in the book. Don't you agree with me that it must have meant this?"

And I told him my translation of it.

He sat quite silent, drinking it in, letting it fall into his mind, undoubting, acquiescent; and as he did so, a loosened tress of my hair, falling forward, brushed his cheek.

I saw him start, and then he bent forward and laid his lips on my fingers, saying, "Lilith, you are an angel!"

A faint stir in the doorway drew our eyes in that direction, and we saw Renée, pale, and with a strange expression on her face. For a moment he did not speak, then, rising and holding out his hand to her, he said gaily, "Renée, this friend of yours is an angel, and carries healing in her wings. She has solved a riddle that had proved too much for me. I was just paying her homage! Now let us dine." And, as she did not answer, it ended so. But from that night she looked at me with a new distrust in her eyes, and she no longer appealed to me; she grew more silent and reserved every day. I do not think she suffered: one must have soul to suffer, and she is such a doll!

It was soon after this that I suggested going home, but he would not hear of it. He had got into the habit of coming to me in his moments of difficulty, and he would call me to his study when she was standing by, without taking any more notice of her than if she were a child.

If it had amused me only, I should have soon tired of it; but, though until this moment I have not acknowledged it to myself, it was more than an amusement. I had begun in play; I was in earnest at last.

That day he snatched my portrait from me, and would not give it back to me—I think that was the first time I felt sure of him. He wore a slender gold chain round his neck, I know—I caught a glimpse of it one day, as he bent over his work; no doubt, it held a locket; I wondered whose portrait it contained, but I think I know whose rested in it latterly. Well, it is all over, and he has gone, and I must take up my life just where it was before. Only I feel a little tired, and dull; it is weakness, it will pass off—but this gloom, and silence, and solitude increases it, and I will go home to-morrow, or perhaps to-night. . . . That was a curious woman who came and nursed him at the last!

I rather liked her; she had a sort of repressed energy and intensity about her that pleased me. No pretty, pettish doll, but a strong, clear-minded, large-hearted woman.

Nurse Laura, they called her, and they said she had a history. All women worthy of the name have.

I wonder what hers was. She was handsome, too, and her voice had a vibration in it, soft though penetrating, that commanded attention and respect.

I think she joined with me in feeling a sort of pitying contempt for Renée—Renée, who was forced to yield her place at her husband's side to a stranger, who had no influence over him, and whose presence seemed to make him worse instead of better.

My husband, if I had one, should take his life at no other hands than mine—I would sooner kill him.

I wish she had not gone so quickly—Nurse Laura—after it was all over; I meant to talk to her—she had a sort of fascination for me, and I wanted to find out why.

She seemed strangely sympathetic and troubled over him; one would think that nurses lost their sense of feeling gradually, and grew philosophical about their patients. But I suppose there was some magnetism in Claude that drew her to him, as it drew me; strong natures attract one another, no doubt.

I wonder if they took away the locket, or if it will be buried with him?

I should like to know.

Why should I not go and see for myself?

There is no one with him; he lies there quite alone, and she, that child, is crushed and overwhelmed with the conventional grief that comes to such widows.

Yet I shrink a little: I feel almost afraid of him.

What weakness! Where are my firmness and courage gone?

I pass swiftly through the echoing corridor and up the silent stair, and reach the door of his room; I turn the handle. There is a dim light burning within, and they have laid him in his last resting-place, though they have not yet shut him away from the world.

I go softly to him, and, trembling, lay my hand on his heart—the locket rests just there, I know.

Ah! I touch something warm and wet and living!

As I recoil, she rises from her knees—Renée his wife, her face and hands drenched with tears, her hair all wild and floating, and in her eyes a hunted, desperate look, like a creature at bay; the look of a wounded mother who, dying, defends her young.

"How dare you come here?" she says in a stifled voice of concentrated passion. "You, not content with stealing him while he lived; do you want to take him from me now he is dead? He is mine, mine, all my own! He loved me, he would never have changed to me but for you. He has come back to me now. Go and leave me with my dead."

"Your dead!" I answer. What are her heroics to me? It is like the outburst of a spoiled child.

"Yes, mine!" she repeats fiercely. "He never really cared for you. He was led away by your beauty and your wickedness; his heart was never yours."

"See," I answer, though I despise myself for replying to her words, "he wears a portrait next his heart. She who rests in that locket is the nearest to him in death, as she was in life."

"It is my picture that he wears," she says steadily—"that he has always worn. Do you think it is yours? I saw him tear your portrait up one day, and cast it from him into the fire. He did not know that I was watching him."

I scorn her for her lie, but I scorn myself still more for listening to her.

"Look and see!" I say contemptuously.

She draws the locket gently from his neck and opens it; then, with a sound of choking despair, falls on her knees, her arms thrown over her head, in utter abandonment of grief. I bend forward and look at the portrait.

It is not mine, nor hers; but the face, younger and fairer though it is than when we saw it, is unmistakable.

It is the picture of the woman who nursed him when he died!



Photo by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.
THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.—A STUDY.

Perhaps the first physical impression that you get of Mr. Chamberlain is that of extreme neatness. The House of Commons has many dandies, but no more carefully dressed man than the Member for West Birmingham. Nor is this at all a feature of the recent, the Unionist, Mr. Chamberlain. The unbending Radical of 1874 was just as remarkable for the sleek, well-brushed hair, the faultless frock-coat, the orchid in the button-hole as is the anti-Radical of 1894. Perhaps the impression is one of over-spruceness, for, with all his freshness and youthfulness, the appearance of Mr. Chamberlain does not suggest a man who is fond either of sport or of exercise—the shoulders are narrow and sloping, the walk is rather ungraceful, the flesh looks a little soft. But, after all, the most notable feature of Mr. Chamberlain's appearance is the extreme keenness and clearness of his face. It is a narrow face, sharp in feature, the nose pointed and slightly tip-tilted, the lips thin and firm, the eyes

matter of the speech is, so far as its debating quality goes, of unequal merit. Mr. Chamberlain's elocution is perfect: not a word or a syllable is lost; every point is made with the utmost precision and dexterity. The argument is always admirably conducted, though now and then during the last session Mr. Chamberlain fell into a habit of repetition, which had hitherto been a rare fault with him. But there is no poetry in his oration, and seldom the higher kind of eloquence. There is great dialectical power, a remarkable faculty for selecting and emphasising the weak points of his opponent's case, and a forensic talent which would have made Mr. Chamberlain one of the greatest, if not the greatest, lawyer of his day. As a debater, indeed, he stands alone. Mr. Balfour's speeches make a very charming impression, but they do not suggest the application of an acute and trained mind to every point of the opposing argument. Great as a critic, Mr. Chamberlain has had few opportunities of giving the House a taste of his mettle as an author and expounder of constructive legislation. His conduct of the Bankruptcy Bill was admirable, though the same could not be said of his handling,



MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN IN HIS STUDY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

hard, the expression rather frowning and supercilious, but redeemed by a very charming smile. It is a face full of character, full of power; not handsome, but saved from commonness by its intentness of look, its singular concentration and eagerness. Mr. Morley's face is, in shape, not unlike Mr. Chamberlain's. But Mr. Morley's eyes throw out none of the light of Mr. Chamberlain's; they are an inexpressive grey, and the whole face has the air of a scholar and thinker rather than of a man of the world. Mr. Chamberlain's suggests every quality which is contained in his character, but no more.

Of Mr. Chamberlain's qualities as an orator it is somewhat difficult to speak with assurance, because they present themselves in entirely different lights to men of different temperaments. There is not a touch of the aesthetic charm which both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Balfour possess. The voice is singularly clear, and, at times, sweet with a curious sibilant note not at all unpleasant to the ear. The action is slight and rather monotonous, consisting almost entirely of a chopping motion of the arm and a rather stiff play with the hand. The fixing and re-fixing of the eye-glass, as the speaker consults his notes, and a curious habit of rubbing his nose—which, by a coincidence, Mr. Gladstone is also addicted to—complete the oratorical peculiarities which the eye catches as it rests on the speaker's slight and, even to-day, rather boyish figure. The

vigorous and impressive though it was, of his measure for the preservation of life at sea and the regulation of merchant shipping. Indeed, Mr. Chamberlain's career has, on the whole, been too much that of the gladiator and too little that of the responsible statesman. The accident has been an unavoidable one, but it has necessarily enhanced some of the limitations of his character and his oratorical gifts.

Mr. Chamberlain's personality is keenly debated, and is viewed in a strikingly different light by his friends and his enemies. There is no such agreement about him as that which exists in the case of Mr. Balfour, or even, to some extent, of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. John Morley. His friends, especially his Birmingham friends, are deeply attached to him: the relations between himself and his young son are of an ideal and obviously touching character, and he may be described both as a good friend and a good enemy. He says what he thinks, is one of the most courageous men in Parliament, and represents at once the clearness and narrowness of view which belongs to the type of man whose life has been almost entirely commercial, and whose success in this as in other departments of life has been very great. In some respects Mr. Chamberlain has been far more consistent than he is supposed to be. He has never belonged to the Laboucherean or "Little England" type of politician. Even in the Gladstone Cabinet of 1880 he was a disciple of the forward

school in foreign policy, and he was an active supporter of England's intervention in Egypt. Tough as is the main fibre of his character, he has a soft place in his composition, and responds readily to a generous impulse or a graceful sentiment. As a tactician he is apt to be over-impatient, to press the attack too hotly, to give the impression of unfairness in business. But he has the merit of communicating a much-needed touch of vigour and liveliness to the party to which he attaches himself. He is, in a word, a ruling force, and a man of phenomenal driving power, standing clearly second only to Mr. Gladstone in the ability to communicate to others his own spirit of eager and incessant warfare. He is, indeed, characteristic of his age; much more so, in fact, than the majority of his contemporaries among English statesmen. It is a pity that he has never attained to the position to which he was undoubtedly entitled, and which he would probably have adorned, that of Chancellor of the Exchequer. With a little more good fortune, and with more sympathetic relations between Mr. Gladstone and himself, he would undoubtedly by this time have been Prime Minister of England. Fate, however, willed it otherwise, and Mr. Chamberlain, with all his strength and go, remains an indeterminate though always a powerful figure in our politics.—H. W. MASSINGHAM.

THE DROMIOS OF BRISTOL.

There are Dromios in real life, and here is the latest portrait of two Bristol gentlemen who may well be called the Dromios of that ancient city. There are probably no two brothers in the United Kingdom more alike in features and disposition than Messrs. T. and J. Johnson, whose portraits are here given.

These brothers are unmistakable chips of one block. They are of the same age, height, and weight, same colour of hair, eyes, and complexion. They eat, drink, walk, run, laugh, cry, sing, and speak alike, while



Photo by T. Thatcher, Bristol.

WHICH IS WHICH?

M. Bertillon himself would not find the difference of a millimetre in the length of their arms, legs, body, neck, fingers, thumbs, or toes.

This marvellous resemblance follows them in their personal habits, character, and pursuits. Both are of the same occupation—advertising agents—both hold the same position, that of manager in their respective firms, while they are of the same religious persuasion.

This remarkable affinity enters also into their matrimonial relations, and is visited upon their children. They have married very similar wives, have each the same number of children—five boys and three girls—born in the same rotation, and as much alike as if they were brothers and sisters instead of cousins.

Recently Mr. T. Johnson met his brother in the street. They had not met for a week—a fact which was explained by Mr. T. saying that he had been laid up for two days with a bad cold, upon which it transpired that his brother had actually been laid up on the same days with exactly the same complaint!

HORS D'OEUVRES.

Why will not the good people who go in for "realism" let us alone? Now that their prophet, Ibsen, whatever else he may have done, has gone off into the fantastic with his "Rat-Wife," and ended a play, no otherwise than the most conventional of English playwrights, with husband and wife united, and disturbing elements withdrawn, surely our "realists" might give us a rest. But, lo and behold! another Norwegian Daniel has come to judgment, and Mr. or—I fancy I have heard somewhere he is a professor of something or other, somewhere—Professor Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, in that intellectual periodical the *Forum*, has arisen to smite poor romance heavily.

The distinguished critic's name, with its profligate indulgence in j's, would hardly inspire confidence in his judgments on English literature. Even his title, "The Great Realists and the Empty Story-Tellers," has that subtle flavour of Ollendorf about it of which the most completely naturalised foreigner can but seldom divest himself. "Have you the Empty Story-Tellers of my English cousin?" "No, but I have the Great Realists of the shoemaker's grandmother's third cousin's red cow." Such weird flashes of conversation gleam across the imagination on seeing the guileless Hjalmar's title.

But when Mr.—or Professor—or Colonel—Boyesen gets to work, he tells us the same old story as other American critics have repeated—including some who ought to know better, and some who do. In brief, we ought only to read novels that deal with realities and possibilities and the passions and circumstances of daily life, and that help us to "adapt ourselves to our environment"—I do not thank thee, Herbert Spencer, for teaching us that word—we should study "Middlemarch" and "Anna Karenina," and perhaps a little Thackeray; but Scott and Dumas and Stevenson and Kipling and Crockett and Rider Haggard and Anthony Hope and Weyman are Anathema; they are the "Empty Story-Tellers," and they leave Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen cold, whereas that exhilarating work "Middlemarch" invigorates him for daily toils.

And the funny part of it is that the good Hjorth never seems for a moment to remember that he is talking about literature, and that literature is generally supposed to be an art. Of course, nobody expects a Norwegian to recognise that Stevenson's exquisite style is enough to lift him out of the plane of mere story-tellers, and that the same is true of many others of these "empty" tale-tellers. But, being necessarily unable to relish the finer flavour of English literature, he ought not to dogmatise concerning it.

But what is the chief and special crime of these Empty Story-Tellers? I almost tremble to repeat it. They have inoculated, and are still inoculating, the free sons and daughters—especially daughters—of America with "feudal ideas." Think of that! And it is through Sir Walter and his pernicious followers that the American Girl looks forward to marrying a British Peer as her height of bliss, and that she looks with contempt to the Democracy that her great-grandfather established by destroying a quantity of other people's tea (for which he afterwards, greatly daring, refused to pay), and that her father has maintained by patriotically packing pork.

Now the word "feudal" has many meanings, but all historical; and when Mr.—or Professor—Boyesen says that American girls get "feudal" ideas from Scott and Dumas and Stevenson, one feels inclined to ask him what the Hjalmar Hjorth he supposes himself to mean by the word? Or does he think that the reading of Sir Walter Scott is likely to demoralise anybody half as much as, say, that of "Pot-Bouille" or the "Kreutzer Sonata"? And, pray, what is there in Sir Walter to inspire American girls to marry British Peers? Scott uniformly ridicules the barter of title for wealth, and, if he glorifies Peers, his eulogy of them has escaped my notice.

The fact is simply that rich Americans come to England and marry their daughters to titled Englishmen because they can get more for their ducats and their daughters than at home. Money goes farther here than in the spacious West, and, owing to the accident of our having been established in business for a good many centuries, we have accumulated a number of articles (castles, cathedrals, peers, &c.), which American "stores" do not supply.

That is the simple reason. I question whether American girls read Scott much. I know English people don't. And where does the "feudalism" come in? Rich plebeians have married poor patricians since such inter-marriage was permitted, ages before Sir Walter was. "Who denigrates it? Hjalmar Hjorth, who denigrates it?"

MARMITON.



A SCOTCH DANCER AT OLYMPIA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

MY FIRST TOUR.

BY EMILY SOLDENE.

A provincial tour in 1871 was an undertaking—an event. Careful people, especially those who had nothing to leave, made their wills. Travelling troupes were few and far between, and Mr. Hollingshead, who always wondered what Sunday was made for, had not then discovered that the particular motive for its creation was the convenient moving of theatrical companies from one point to another. In the summer of that year Mr. Mallandaine, musical director of the Haymarket Theatre, backed by a financier who was young and provincial, and probably did not know any better, arranged with M. Hervé to take "Chilperic" on tour, and engaged me to travel for three months.

We opened at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool. Mr. John Rouse was our stage - manager, and played Dr. Senna. He was a cranky, cantankerous, contradictory, dear old thing, full of self-satisfaction and ancient conceits, but a really splendid comedian—so quaint, so original, so natural. I remember one morning, during rehearsal, he spoke some lines in a perfectly conversational tone. The intonation caught my attentive ear, as being thoroughly appropriate to that particular situation.

I followed his lead. The scene went well, and so, without knowing, he gave me a lesson I never forgot. Miss Augusta Thompson was Fredegonde, Miss Emily Pitt (of the hat-making Pitts) Galsinder. I, of course, played Chilperic, and Miss Vesey, Brunehaut. The chorus was a capital one, and though Mr. Mallandaine, our manager and conductor, valued voices more than female physical perfection (one would have thought his aesthetic taste should have controlled his scientific judgment, but it did not), still, they were a showy string, with plenty of pace. Mrs. Mallandaine played the principal page, Alfred, with a song. Mrs. M. was not exactly an ideal page. Like Cassius, she was lean, also more than common tall. Nature had distinctly qualified her for petticoats. And I think it a pity to go against Nature, unless in an emergency—and Mrs. Hopewell on the spot. We had a splendid band, and Mr. Mallandaine was dreadfully conscientious, and restored all the "cuts" made by the iconoclastic crew of the saucy little Philharmonic. Fortunately, his ideas of lengthening things in general did not extend to the skirts of the ballet or the trunks of the pages.

The production was an immense success, the *chic* and sparkle just suiting a cosmopolitan place like Liverpool. I think we stayed there for a month or five weeks. Hervé came down and feted us, and gave a decidedly Continental *cachet* to the affair. He treated everybody *en grand Seigneur*, and dined us and wined us in most *recherché* style. He gave a great dinner—at The Stork, I think. One night, Lydia Thompson, Mr. H. B. Farnie, and a large party just arrived from London, were in front. They were to sail next day for America. After the performance, Farnie came down to my dressing-room, and said I was "the one woman he had been looking for." He had an opera-bouffe "would make our fortunes. If I would guarantee that Mr. Morton should produce it at the Philharmonic, he would not go to America, but would stop in England, and prepare it for the autumn season." I was impulsive in those days, and possessed the happiness of much ignorance. I guaranteed its production, not even knowing the name of the work, but having a general idea of its being so exceedingly Frenchy, and bearing so terrible a reputation, that it could only be mentioned in a whisper, and behind doors hermetically sealed. Of course, anything so *risqué* had an attractive and irresistible charm. Afterwards, when "Bowdlerised" and "made over," all the world knew it for that epitome of purity, "Geneviève de Brabant," the first Anglicised and adapted opera-bouffe to make money.

After Liverpool, we went to Newcastle-on-Tyne, to the Theatre Royal, then under the management of Francis and Glover. I distinguished myself very much indeed at the first performance there. Seeing a gentleman, after the act, sporting himself in the centre of the stage, and gazing with cool curiosity not only at the departing chorus, scampering off for their "change," but also at my imperial self, I, in my severest manner, and a distinct and audible tone, said, "Tell that person no one is allowed behind the scenes; he must leave immediately"; and he did leave. It was Mr. Francis, the manager. Such a huge joke for him. He told all Newcastle how I ordered him off his own stage. We were the best of friends after, and we all found out, to our enjoyment, that Mr. Francis was not only a

polite and popular manager, but a wonderfully social man, and had a fine and pretty taste for making out a *menu*, was intimately acquainted with the delicacies of every season, and thoroughly understood the feminine weakness for fruits and flowers. In those benighted days, the local aristocracy came to the theatre only on a Friday, and on the preceding Tuesday—if the fiat of the Fourth Estate was favourable—the dress-circle booking-sheet would be, by the afternoon, all filled up. If not favourable? Well, I don't know. The papers and the people were always—*always* good to me, and soon learned to look out for "Our Em'ly." Mr. Henry Egerton, the acting-manager, was a capital man of business, and a most lively and entertaining companion. He had a funny habit, when more than common bothered, of standing on his head—"to rest his brains," said he. Poor fellow! he was lost in the fire that destroyed the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, in February, 1879. "Chilperic" was musically a great "go" in Newcastle, and on the first Sunday the organist, out of compliment to me, played "The Prayer" for the Voluntary, and everybody said "How delightful!" and "What was it?" And verily it was "kept dark" from the church-people, and nobody revealed that it was from the new opera-bouffe running at "The Royal." We used to have high jinks and junkettings, and go for long drives over the moor and through the lovely Jesmond Dene.

It was in this city I first made the acquaintance of Mr. Downey, the photographer. Even at that remote period he was distinguished by Royal patronage, and used to be sent for and stay a week or two at Balmoral. They lived in a tall, gloomy-looking house in Eldon Square—Mrs. Downey was alive then: such a nice lady, always, when I saw her, wearing black, with white lace round the throat, and a black silk apron, and thinking so much—in fact, all the world—of her young son. Then there was Mr. Downey's brother, who was tall and delicate-looking, and had such a fine full auburn beard. Such a quiet house, such a quiet family! and Mr. Downey speaking a strong and broad Northumbrian burr that vibrated and took one all one's time to understand. He photo'd me as Chilperic. The identical picture is before me as I write. It used to be in a locket. It is a relic—a relic of a dead man who, for ten years, carried it close to his heart, and so it must be full of secrets and all sorts of memories and sorrows. But first-class chemicals are superior to such experiences, and the tints are just as fresh as when it was first taken. It looks delightfully young, too. I feel I want to get up and take a glimpse of myself in the glass. Better not! Mr. Downey photo'd the whole crowd, and gave us lots of copies.

After Newcastle we went to Glasgow. The Theatre Royal impressed me as being the most gloomy place I had ever been in: such a wilderness of an auditorium, such a desert of a stage. I remember, on my arrival, seeing Mr. William Glover busy at work painting a panorama—for "The Lady of the Lake," I think. Mr. Glover was a picturesque, artistic, dark, and satisfying-looking personage. He had the head of a lion, or a brigand, or a pirate, or a bushranger, or a revivalistic preacher. He would have made a lovely "Moorzouk" or "Moses" (such a beard!) without any make-up. We admired his *tout ensemble* very much indeed. When I was in Glasgow about 1883 or 1884 I got a terrible shock: Mr. Glover had shorn his leonine locks, and the imposing beard had disappeared. Glasgow was, in '71, a terrible place for the Sabbath-breaking, wicked, exploring, and picnicking theatrical person. On Sunday we went to Balloch, and, to get a carriage out of Glasgow on the Sabbath, one had to start at 8 a.m., and walk the horses over the stones. The coaches—"machines," they called them—were "mourning" ones, funereal and doleful, but they were kind enough to remove the feathers. Once out of the city, the carriage was opened, and on you went, through lovely lanes and delicious country, where the breezes blew, and the birds sang, and the flowers bloomed, just as if it wasn't Sunday! There is no doubt but that Glasgow was, at this period, as good as it was possible to be. But, for all that, one heard funny (but, of course, not true) local stories. For instance, the "extra"-girls at the Theatre Royal were exceptionally gifted with looks and exceptionally fine in physique—could move about, and were well trained, a condition of things unique in those days. To explain this perfection, we were told they were not ordinary "extras," but "ballet," and were always "kept on" at the theatre; also that the "Royal" ballet was never recruited from outside—"they grew it in the premises."



Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

MR. HENRY EGERTON.



Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

MISS EMILY PITTS.

"SEE HOW MERRILY THE SKATERS GO!"

Instantaneous Photographs by Karl Müller, Manningham.



SISTERS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. S. MENDELSSOHN, PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, W.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



LES SŒURS.—P. HELLEU.

EXHIBITED AT MR. DUNTHORNE'S REMBRANDT HEAD GALLERY, VIGO STREET, W.

ART NOTES.

The most interesting pictures now hanging in the exhibition at Messrs. Vokins's Gallery come from the brushes of deceased masters in water-colour, such as De Wint, William Hunt, and Turner. The De Wints seldom fail to repay any exaction of attention, and these examples are no exception to the general rule. His "Winter Scene" is really an

The William Hunts are fairly satisfactory, although by no means on an equality with the best work of that unequal artist. His figures are strangely different in quality—one, a gipsy woman, is quite lustrous and rich; another, the drawing of a niece, hollow, thin, and bad in modelling. There is a fruit-piece, too, by the same artist, which, though telling—as all such studies must—nothing but a plain, unvarnished truth, has a certain elegance in the manner of its telling and a cleverness in the straightforwardness of its drawing.

Of the Turners there are critics, we suppose, who would claim admiration for the "Valley of the Var," a piece of work inexpressibly niggled out of beautiful or large effect. It is all very well to protest that the details are skilfully and learnedly worked out, but the fact remains that the details do not contribute towards the building up of a picture, as the word and the thing should be properly understood. The "Valley of the Var" is little in a peculiar sense of the word. Take, in comparison, the very lovely "Ehrenbreitstein," with its singleness and simplicity of aim, its broad and large effect, its beauty of colour—a single harmony, a perfect chord. This was to paint; the other was to attempt an impossibility.

Of the works of modern painters hanging in the same exhibition, Mr. Carl Haag, perhaps, commands one's first attention. He exhibits an Arabian—Is she Arabian? We are not quite sure—damsel, whose development, however lacking in delicacy, wants not richness and solidity; the little work has some admirable strength and great vitality: it is a pity it is not a little more refined. Mr. Thorne Waite exhibits a large drawing of the Sussex Downs, quite a remarkable work of its kind. It is cheerful and atmospheric—two qualities which are, perhaps, not often found in combination. (One remembers the work of that admirable artist Mr. Peppercorn.) On the whole, the combination is a pleasant one: we like it. And we are fain to confess that we have a general sort of kindness for Mr. Vokins's Gallery.

The enthusiasm of all artists, for innumerable generations, has fitted around the great productions of Venetian Masters, and the source from which so many great painters have drawn the wealth of their inspiration and the riches of their achievement. It is an adventurous essay, therefore, when any artist seeks to follow in the same tracks. Mr. Gifford Dyer, whose work is exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, and who has courageously followed that pathway, has not, however, done unworthily by his great subjects. Oddly enough, he suggests no comparisons—neither with Canaletto, Whistler, nor with another. His work is extremely modern, and seems to have learned from the immortal city else besides her beautiful colour.

Some of his work is in oil, and some is in pastel; but all of it has a certain distinction and grace. His "Misty May Day," for example, in which the light mist covers the water of the canal, but not so thickly that the eye cannot penetrate to a world beyond, is a charming work. One of its peculiar charms consists in the highly interesting fact—which we remember to have noted some years since in an admirable painting by



ÉTUDE DE JEUNE FILLE.

extraordinarily vigorous piece of work, although it is certainly not characteristic with this artist's best qualities. The dazzling snow, under a broad, highly diffuse, and clear atmosphere, does not, perhaps, remind one very strongly of De Wint the rich and grave colourist. There are other drawings by the same artist, all admirable in their way.



FEMME À L'ÉVENTAIL.



JEUNE FILLE EN MÉDITATION.

Dry-Points, by P. Helleu, exhibited at Mr. Dunthorpe's Rembrandt Head Gallery, Vigo Street, W.

M. Théodore Roussel—that this world beyond is only gradually revealed as one continues to look, as though in the painting one looked through the pigment, even as with the gentle light mists that hang over such enchanted waters. Mr. Dyer may possibly not be an extremely solid and classical artist, but he has an engrossing gift of poetry, for which we could forgive him much.

The photograph of the fox, by Mr. James Hodsoll, here reproduced, is a clever bit of camera-work. Last Bank Holiday, Reynard seems to have put himself in a sort of "appy-'ampstead" humour, for he entered the garden of Mr. E. D. Till, at the Priory, Eynsford, Kent. His attentions to the poultry were fortunately diverted by a terrier, and in retreating he took refuge in some dense ivy. He was discovered only after long search, and was then kept a prisoner for several days. Then he was sent to the kennels of the West Kent Hunt at Oxtord. One day in the beginning of January he was turned out in some woods near Malling, and, although he had every opportunity to show the members of the Hunt a good gallop, he declined to do so, for he was a dog fox and was killed. He was probably too savage to run, for while in captivity he used to make for those who fed him. The photograph, which may be obtained from Mr. Jesse Garratt, Honorary Secretary of the Kent Royal Bee-Keeping Association, Meopham, Kent, is very interesting, because it is difficult to get Reynard in front of a camera.

Amateur photographers will be glad to know that the Society of Arts is offering two prizes—a gold medal or twenty pounds, and a silver medal and ten pounds—for the best photogravure copy produced from Mulready's picture, "Choosing the Wedding-Gown," now in the South Kensington Museum, the object of the offer being to encourage the development of photogravure in this country. Permission to photograph the picture has been obtained by the Society from the Science and Art Department.

Mr. Charles Martin Hardie and Mr. George W. Johnston are the new members of the Royal Scottish Academy. The former painted the "Meeting of Burns and Scott" and "Burns at the Duchess of Gordon's." Mr. Johnston is one of the most prominent Scottish landscape artists.

Mr. Biscombe Gardner is to engrave on wood the portrait of Mr. Walter Crane, after the celebrated painting by Mr. Watts. It will be issued to subscribers only, and the strictly limited number of 400 artist's proofs at two guineas each are to be ready in May.

The beauties of early Venetian printing will be dealt with in an important illustrated work which Mr. John C. Nimmo is to publish

this spring. It will contain more than two hundred pages of facsimiles of the finest books printed at Venice during the Italian Renaissance. These plates, in black and red and colours, illustrate the type, the initials, the fine wood-cuts, printers' badges, and water-marks which make



HARD TIMES.—E. CALDWELL.

Exhibited at Mendoza's Galleries, King Street, St. James's.

the books of this period unique as works of art. A note on the beautiful bindings of the Italian Renaissance has been added, and is illustrated with reproductions of the more notable and elaborate specimens. The work will have an introduction by the Prefect of the Marciana Library at Venice.

Sir George Reid, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, has been commissioned on behalf of subscribers to paint a portrait of the late Professor Robertson Smith, of Cambridge. An engraving or etching of this picture is also being arranged for, which will be supplied to subscribers.



REYNARD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. JAMES HODSOLL, FARNHAM.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"THE WOMAN WHO DID."*

Here is a book that, so to say, goes forth to certain death—gallantly, with its eyes open. There can be little doubt as to the nature of its reception. Every man's hand will be against it. Yet even its bitterest enemies must surely feel some thrill of admiration for its courage. It is, once more, one philosopher against the world. Not in our day, perhaps, can it be decided which is right—Mr. Grant Allen, or the world. Perhaps our children's children will some day be canonising Mr. Grant Allen for the very book for which to-day he stands a much greater chance of being stoned, and happy lovers of the new era bless the name of the man who, almost single-handed, fought the battle of Free Love. Time alone can say; and, perhaps, there is nothing in Time's bag of mystery that one would care more to have a sight of than this momentous issue. Surely there is no question nearer to the heart of man than this of the relation of the sexes, and the very eagerness with which we are ready to discuss it is in itself proof that the present conventional relations are far from perfect. We have not had to wait for "The Woman Who Did" to know Mr. Grant Allen's views on the subject. Mr. Allen, in a prefatory inscription, declares it to have been written "for the first time in my life wholly and solely to satisfy my own taste and my own conscience." But, if this be the first novel that Mr. Allen has thus written, he has not feared to publish the theory, of which "The Woman Who Did" is merely a dramatic illustration, in the form of magazine and newspaper articles—articles which brought a conviction there is some danger of his story dispelling. There is nothing in that which is not to be found in his famous article on "The New Hedonism" and in his "Post-Prandial Philosophy." The history of Herminia Barton and Alan Merrick is simply an attempt to put the theory of "the New Hedonism" on the stage of human life, with, it is to be feared, not entire advantage to the theory—though that, we hasten to add, is not necessarily the fault of the theory. Perhaps, indeed, it is the fault of the novelist. Actually, Mr. Allen's novel proves nothing either for or against his theory. The test is not fair, for the *dramatis personæ* are rather philosophical puppets than human beings. Besides, they don't observe the rules of the game, don't submit themselves to the really significant tests. To have an illegitimate baby abroad is easily done, and any unmarried mother can pass as "respectable" by describing herself as a widow. It is in such apparently trivial matters that the test really lies, and, in giving way to her husband in these, Herminia really stultified her whole experiment. Moreover, in one important provision for the matrimonial New Jerusalem, Mr. Allen curiously ignores one of the first instincts of human love-making. Herminia and Alan would do nothing so common as live in the same house together. Each should have a separate establishment, and they should pay visits to each other—or rather, the woman should "receive the visits of the man for whom she cared: the father of her children." (The male is still, evidently, to pay court to the female in the old fashion. We hear nothing of Herminia paying visits to Alan's lodgings.) But, surely, when two people love each other, they *want*, above all things, to live together in the same house, and all day long.

However, these lapses from human nature in creatures that are rather clock-work than humanity don't count. The theory really remains where it was. And if Mr. Allen's critics, pointing to the disastrous *dénouement* of Herminia Barton's mission, are inclined to jubilate and say, "This is what comes of your New Hedonism," &c., the answer, easy and obvious, is that the failure of Mr. Allen as a novelist, on this occasion, is nothing against his philosophy.

"The Woman Who Did," indeed, can only be described as a novel in the sense that "Rasselas," or "Paul and Virginia," or "The Coming Race" can

be so described. It is really a "morality." Its purpose is everything, its people nothing. But, label it as one will, it remains a clever, stimulating book. Mr. Grant Allen can do many things. One thing, however, is impossible to him—to be dull. From that unpardonable sin he is absolutely safe. His gift of telling paradoxical phrase is constantly in evidence in this, one of the very best-written of his books; and his treatment of his difficult situations sometimes shows to advantage his gift of biting irony, though his sociological enthusiasm seems to have occasionally obscured his sense of humour. If we could only once hear Herminia Barton laugh a warm-hearted human laugh, we could believe in her. But, alas! she is a sort of sacred fashion-plate from start to finish: a Puritan of Puritans, prig of prigs, pioneer of pioneers; and we have strong suspicions that she objected to "ladies" smoking. Compare her with Mr. Meredith's Clotilde in "The Tragic Comedians"—for Herminia is hardly so unique a "martyr" as her creator claims her to be—and, by the side of that full-blooded heroine,

she is a phantom at cock-crow. We should like to sit Herminia down in front of an old Rhine wine such as Alvan and Clotilde would drink together, and watch the result. We are afraid it would be a lofty discourse on the new hygiene, and end in the *garçon* taking the pledge. By the side even of Lord Ormont's—or rather, "Matey's"—Aminta, she is a lay figure; but these comparisons are not meant unkindly, in that they serve to remind us that Mr. Allen is far from alone in his unpopular opinions on marriage. The greatest living English novelist, if his last novel means anything, is with him heart and soul. Nor is it an unfair deduction, from certain of Mr. Thomas Hardy's novels, that the second greatest English novelist of the day is with Mr. Allen too. Our own feeling is that Mr. Allen can afford to wait, and that some day he will have the best of the laugh. Meanwhile, none but the most foolish or malignant reader of "The Woman Who Did" can fail to recognise the noble—if possibly mistaken—purpose which animates its pages. Mr. Allen has a Shelley-like conviction of the evils of marriage; he is profoundly impressed with the necessity of improving the relations between men and women, and likewise, with a Shelley-like faith and fearlessness, he preaches the doctrine which seems to him likely to tend to the maximum of domestic happiness. His remedy will, no doubt, seem to many worse than the disease; yet no one but a fool can fail to admit the disease. And, in one point, at least, Mr. Allen shows up brightly against his opponents—in his loathing of prostitution, which they seem



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. GRANT ALLEN.

somewhat cheerfully, and at least with admirable resignation, to accept as a necessary evil. Prostitution, Mr. Allen would seem to say, comes of the attempt to force an Act of Sexual Uniformity on human nature. Some people are born monogamic. With them, perhaps the highest and happiest types, Mr. Allen would not for a moment interfere. But others are born with instincts which we might describe as centrifugal. So long as the child, that crucial factor in the calculation, is provided for—and, as Mr. Allen says, it presents no such insurmountable difficulty—the ethic of the situation is a matter for the souls of the persons to decide. Herminia Barton and Alan Merrick decided in their way. Tragedy followed. But does tragedy never follow from marriages celebrated with all due ecclesiastical etiquette and decorum? A selfish little minx like Dolores would make tragedy anywhere. If her mother had only had a little more of the coarse clay of human nature in her, instead of being made throughout of such immaculately fine porcelain, more of rough mother earth in her composition, and, above all, some laughter, that tragedy need never have happened. But I repeat again that the unreal acts of unreal people are no arguments against a real enthusiasm for humanity such as blazes through every page of this, in many ways, remarkable and significant little book. And, above all, in writing it Mr. Allen has at last, he tells us, satisfied his own conscience. What a success in that alone! For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole literary world and lose his own soul?

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



A WARM(ING) DISCUSSION.

MINISTER : "Saunders, that was a fearful row you were kicking up with those men, and you were swearing frightfully!"
SAUNDERS : "Weel, Sir, a bodie maun do something to keep warm in this weather."



BUTLER (to Gamekeeper) : "Johnson, her Ladyship says you're to go and walk across the lake and see if it's safe for the young ladies to skate."



THE FROST IN BERLIN.

NORTH v. SOUTH FOOTBALL TEAMS.

G. M. Carey.

W. H. Finlinson.

W. E. Tucker.

C. Thomas.

R. H. Cattell.

S. F. Byrne.



F. Mitchell. W. B. Thomson. C. M. Wells. S. M. J. Woods. J. H. C. Fegan. F. A. Poole. W. E. Bromet.
F. A. Leslie-Jones. SOUTH

SOUTH.

A. Wood. W. A. Greenwell. G. Steel. A. Barrowclough. J. Hall. H. Ward. J. Gibbon.



T. Broadley.
T. H. Dobson.

F. Firth.

E. W. Taylor.

F. W. Cooper.
S. Murfitt.

R. P. Wilson.

F. Dotchin,

NORTH.



Photo by Debenham, Regent Street, W.

MISS BARNETT AS THE FAIRY QUEEN, IN "IOLANTHE."

*"Bearded by these puny mortals!
I will launch from fairy portals
All the most terrific thunders
In my armoury of wonders."*



Photo by Hana, Strand, W.C.

AS DAME CORTLANDT, AND MR. LE HAY AS THE SYNDIC,
IN "HIS EXCELLENCY."THE SYNDIC: "You little pipsy-wipsy, you!
You little pipsy-wipsy!"

A GREAT-NIECE OF MRS. SIDDONS.

TEN MINUTES WITH MISS ALICE BARNETT.

Few, if any, of the thousands who have enjoyed in the past Miss Alice Barnett's delightful rendering of "Dear Little Buttercup" in "Pinafore," of Lady Jane in "Patience," of Ruth in "The Pirates of Penzance," and, within the last fortnight, of Dame Cortlandt in Mr. Gilbert's latest triumph, "His Excellency," are aware that they are listening to a chip of the famous Kemble block, and to a melodious contralto voice which had its fellow in the organ-like accents of the celebrated Mrs. Siddons. Yet so it is, and Miss Alice Barnett's pronounced features and large bright eyes (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) recall strongly many of her famous great-aunt's later portraits.

"I need hardly tell you I am devoted to the profession," observed Dame Cortlandt genially. "I was born and bred in a theatrical atmosphere. How could it have been otherwise with a descendant of the Stephen Kemble one of whose claims to fame was that he could play Falstaff without stuffing? And yet," she added, after a short pause, "I was not brought up with a view of going on the stage, and I sang in concerts and oratorios for some years before it ever occurred to me that I could take part in a play, far less a comic opera."

"I suppose you have never had reason to regret your change of profession?"

"No, indeed! I thoroughly love my present work; and my advice to any girl with a good voice would always be, 'Take a plunge at once instead of wasting your time seeking for uncertain and short-lived concert engagements, and try to make your way to a good comic-opera company: then you will be sure of steady engagements and certain remuneration.' Till the evening when I made my débüt



Photo by Hana, Strand, W.C.

THE SYNDIC: "You lean no broken reed upon, O—
In Courts of Law and Venus
(I've practised much in both)
I'm always on my oath."

at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, as Buttercup in 'H.M.S. Pinafore,' in the year '79, I had never taken part in any theatrical performance, or, indeed, appeared on any stage."

"I believe, Miss Barnett, you were for a long time one of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's leading ladies?"

"Yes, Lady Jane in 'Patience,' the Fairy Queen in 'Iolanthe,' Ruth in 'The Pirates of Penzance,' and Katischa in 'The Mikado' were all written for and created by me when the operas were first produced, and nothing but a period of ill-health (Kemble rheumatism) made me leave the Savoyards. But I ought to tell you that I have helped to popularise these delightful operas all over the world, for I played all my original rôles and other parts both in America and Australia, in which latter delightful country I not only recovered my health, but spent three years, meeting with nothing but kindness and appreciation. I think that we theatrical people ought to wish to go to Australia when we die, for it is the Paradise of the profession."

"Still, it must have been pleasant to come home again?"

"Yes; of course, London audiences are very nice to play to, and I have nothing but good to say of the English provinces. It is a great mistake



Photo by Hana, Strand, W.C.

MISS ALICE BARNETT.

to suppose that anything will 'go down' in our country towns; the audiences there are quite as keenly critical and fastidious as any in London."

"And how do you like your present part?"

"Very well indeed; but, of course, it has always been my fate to play what I may call unsympathetic rôles. Sometimes I think to myself that I should like to play a nice, pleasant part for once; but, I suppose, that will never be. You see, I am supposed to look specially strong-minded"—and Miss Barnett laughed merrily. "Still, I have played a variety of rôles besides Gilbertian parts. During a short season at the Gaiety, I took the part of the Duchess in 'In Town,' and when I was in Australia I sang in several serious operas, as well as those to which I have already alluded."

"When you returned to London you must have found a certain change had come over the spirit of comic opera. Were you not astonished at the introduction of burlesque here, there, and everywhere?"

"Yes, and no; public taste has gone that way, and managers are only catering for what they think will be acceptable to their patrons. Comic opera, to succeed, must now be quite specially good, for it has no chance in comparison with the lighter or jocular—in a word, the variety—form of entertainment. Neither do I think, as many do, that this is a passing phase. Men like short 'turns' and a cigar, rather than a long play unrelieved by tobacco; that does not mean, however, that I am in favour of allowing smoking to go on in theatres, for it would ruin fine voices. No, we must all aim to make our plays more interesting. The public can always be trusted to come to see and hear something good." And with these optimistic words, Dame Cortlandt, with an "*Au revoir,*" hastened off in answer to a "call."

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

HOW COAL COMES TO LONDON.

Before the days of steam locomotion, coal came to London sea-borne by sailing-ship or, inland, by canal-barge. To get the output of the Durham Collieries more cheaply to the Tees ports, the first railway, the Stockton and Darlington, was constructed in 1825; but it was not till about 1840 that the first coal-trains bound for London began to appear on the trunk railways, and not till 1852 that the first steam-collier voyaged from the Tyne to the Thames. Since that time, these two methods of transport—at first thought too costly for the conveyance for long distances of so low-paying a freight as coal—have steadily superseded all others. Of course, for actual locomotion, rail-carriage is the more costly; but, besides being more independent of weather, rail-borne coal at present offers the great advantage over sea-borne that, when once loaded into the truck at the pit-mouth, it need not be transhipped again till it is sacked and loaded into cart at the Metropolitan dépôt.

Every colliery that relies on rail-carriage has its direct connection by private siding, or otherwise, to the trunk line of some great railway. So frequent and regular is the traffic to and from these branches that in the great colliery districts each railway company has had to devote large areas to sorting-sidings, where little else is thought of but the shunting and marshalling of coal-waggons, loaded or empty. At Colwick, near Nottingham, which is the Great Northern sorting centre for the Derbyshire collieries, all this work is done by gravitation. The sets of sidings, or "gridirons," are divided into pairs, with a single connecting line, called the neck, between them. A sorter uncouples a truck from a train which is standing on a road in one set, gives it a push-off down the gradient towards the neck, and signals to the pointsman there stationed for which road in the second gridiron it is intended. The latter pulls over a lever to set the required road, and away glides the truck to its place without further trouble to anyone. Thus, at Colwick, full trains are made up for London and other great towns, and returned empties sorted for their proper collieries at the rate of one a minute without cessation day and night all the year round. Save for an occasional delay in a "lay-by" siding, a London-bound train now makes its way direct to the coal dépôt of the Metropolitan terminus.

In a curious little thoroughfare, turning out of Paneras Road, one finds two such dépôts, the Great Northern on the right and the Midland on the left. Each consists of a series of arches with coal-trucks overhead and coal-carts underneath. Beneath each truck is a shoot, beneath each shoot a man with a sack, and beneath each sack a weighing-machine. When a sack has received its proper weight, the descending stream of coal is cut off by closing the bottom end of the shoot, the full sack is wheeled off on a hand-truck to the cart, and the cart, when full, sets out with straining team and grimy crew *en route* for the consumer's cellar.

The journey of sea-borne coal to London is a little more eventful. From the pit-mouth the coal reaches the port either by railway or canal. To Tyne Dock, which is one of the most important coal-shipping places in the world, the colliers' cargoes all arrive by rail. Here one finds a vast area of standage sidings, from which the loaded trucks, when uncoupled one by one and pushed off, glide forward down a gradient to one of four jetties, or staithes, which jut out at right angles into the water of the dock. Beneath each staith is a hopper, and to the hoppers are fixed spouts, which are moved laterally, to reach the holds of vessels moored below. By this means, coal can be shipped into the two holds of a vessel simultaneously. Meanwhile, the empty railway-trucks are pushed off down another gradient to a return line on a lower level. Thus a collier of one thousand tons burthen is frequently loaded up in the short space of two hours. At Goole, which is an important shipping-place for the Yorkshire collieries, much of the coal arrives by canal, in caissons or compartments. These are raised by hydraulic elevators, and tipped into the ships' holds. Sea-borne coal bound for London undergoes a second transhipment at Blackwall Reach, in the Thames. Here are floating derricks—that is, cranes, fixed on hulks—alongside which the colliers and barges are moored. From the holds of the vessels the coal is spaded into tanks, and these, when full, are raised by the cranes and tipped over into the barges. Then tugs tow the barges up the river, to deliver their loads direct at the wharf of some great factory or gas company, or at the coal-merchants' riverside dépôts, for transhipment once more for street-delivery by cart.

Thus, sea-borne coal undergoes four "breakages," as against two of rail-borne coal, if transported by the ordinary method above described. But during the last few months, Messrs. Wm. Cory and Son, who are probably the largest dealers in sea-coal in this country, have introduced a new system, which, they claim, competes with rail-carriage on its own ground. This firm has built a number of lighters, of some three hundred to four hundred tons burthen, which have proved their capability not only of navigating canal and river, but also of putting out to sea as well. Through some of the roughest weather of this rough winter, these lighters have been towed round from Goole and other ports to London by Messrs. Cory's steam-colliers, four of which are fitted with powerful towing apparatus for this purpose. Thus, when some necessary alterations in one of the locks of the Aire and Calder Navigation are completed, it is expected that coal will be regularly conveyed in these lighters direct, without breakage, from canal-side colliery to Thames-side wharf; and, if this is done, a small revolution will have been effected in the means by which fog-material is brought to London.

C. H. GRINLING.

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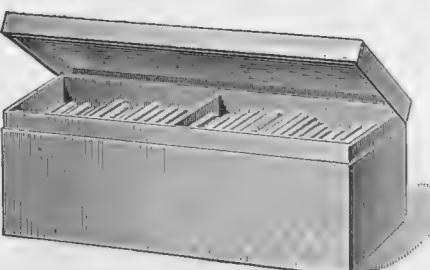
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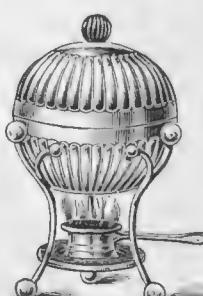
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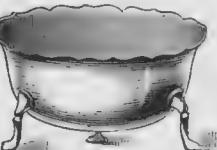


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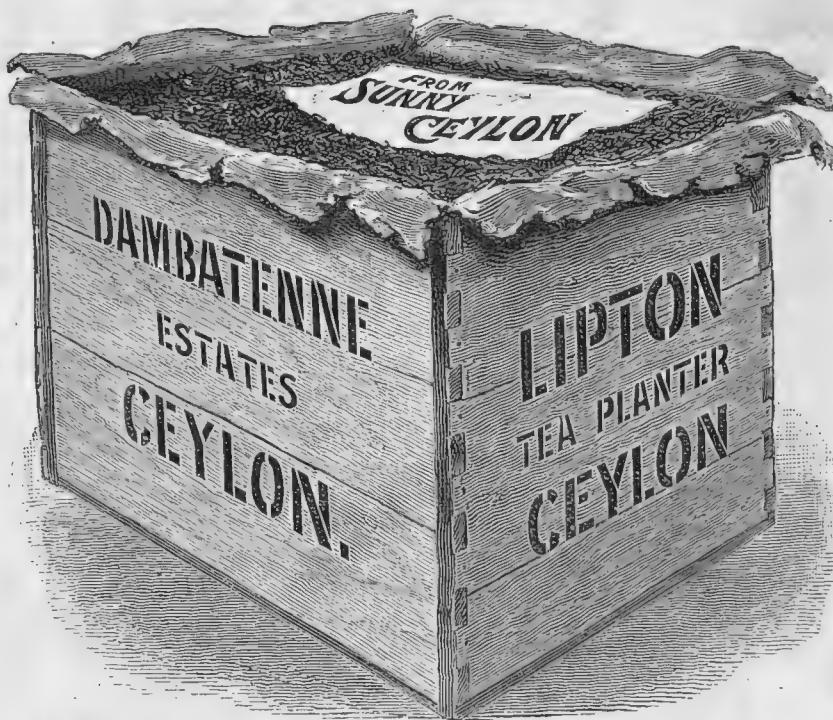
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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

The Cup-tie fever is raging. You cannot cross Fleet Street without someone asking you, "Who is to win the Cup?" Easier asked than answered. Ordinary public form is, as a rule, no reliable guide. Clubs play differently in Cup-tie matches from what they may do in any other form of competition. This year, however, Providence seems to be on the side of the big battalions, for the eight remaining clubs in the third round of the Association Cup all belong to the First Division of the League. Last year the Cup was won by a Second Division Club, while the runners-up were almost at the bottom of the Senior Division.

The second round of the Cup-ties produced only one surprise. This was the victory of Notts Forest at Liverpool over the home club by two goals to nil. Not one of the other seven visiting clubs won a match, although in two cases—Blackburn Rovers and West Bromwich Albion—the visiting team managed to play a drawn game. Then came the re-play last Wednesday. Naturally, the club which could draw on its opponent's ground would be likely

to win at home, and, when one remembers the Cup-tie reputation of Blackburn Rovers, there would appear to be no doubt about the matter at all.

But there's many a slip 'twixt the Cup and the prophetic tip. It was a great game at Blackburn, and, although on a mid-week day, the match was witnessed by over 20,000 spectators. Ding-dong, hammer-and-tongs, both sides went at it in attack and defence. The battle raged from end to end, the goals were scored alternately, and fifteen minutes from the finish the sides were absolutely level. Then the plucky Evertonians came away, and Hartley scored the winning goal. The teams were as equally matched as may-be, and, although Everton won by three goals to two, the Rovers had quite as many chances, but for once their luck forsook them. So exit the famous Rovers from the Cup-ties for another season. The other match, at West Bromwich, between the Albion and Sheffield United, ended as most people anticipated. The Throstles, who never sing so gaily as in a Cup-tie, played with tremendous dash, and, although the United stood steadily together, they just failed to keep their opponents out once too seldom. The result was a win for Albion by two goals to one, after one of the most exciting Cup-tie games of the year. Bassett, the International, was once more the best forward on the ground. This marvellous little player, who was in the Albion team when it won the Cup from Preston North End six or seven years ago, is still the best right-winger in the country. He is by no means a veteran in years, but he is old in experience. He was probably born old. He is, however, fleet of foot, agile in movement, and as young in heart as the most budding footballer in the land. It is only natural that he should have been selected, on the day following the match, to represent England against Ireland in the match to be played at Derby on March 2.

The draw for the third round of the Association Cup was awaited with intense interest in all the football centres, but more especially at Birmingham, Sheffield, Sunderland, Everton, Wolverhampton, Bolton, and West Bromwich. Great is the luck of the ballot, and it will prevail! The club that comes first out of the hat—for the method of drawing is as old-fashioned as that—might be said to get a start of a couple of goals; and, in the later stages of the competition, the advantage of ground makes all the difference between winning and losing. This year fortune has smiled on Aston Villa, Sunderland, and Sheffield Wednesday, neither of whom has yet had to fight a Cup-tie battle from home. More than that, Aston Villa especially has had the easiest of tasks. It will not do to underestimate the powers of Notts Forest, even at Birmingham; but their best friends will hardly expect them to beat the Villans at Perry Bar. If one were forced absolutely to name one club as the likely Cup-tie winners, it would be difficult to go beyond Aston Villa. It has now only to beat Notts Forest to reach the semi-final; and, as this stage is played on neutral ground, the chances of the Villans appearing in the final are very rosy indeed. I have also a strong fancy for Sheffield Wednesday. It is true the Blades are asked to defeat one of the strongest clubs in the country, yet the record of the Wednesday club in the Cup-ties convinces me that they are

equal to the task. They have not been defeated on their own ground for a very long time, and their record at Olive Grove in the Cup Competition is something to be proud of. I hold Everton in great esteem, but I am afraid—very much afraid—that they will have to go.

Thrice lucky and thrice happy is Sunderland—every tie played at home, and the weakest club of the bunch to meet in the third round. Bolton Wanderers, who oppose Sunderland, have only just managed to scrape through their Cup-tie matches against Second Division clubs, and on Bolton ground. What chance have they with Sunderland?

It can hardly be said that there are any surprises in the England eleven to meet Ireland. There are one or two new caps, but the men are all tried and trusted players. Sutcliffe, in goal, is a reliable player, although I think I could name three others—Storer, Reader, and Foulkes—who are every whit as good. Crawshaw, of Sheffield Wednesday, is also a new cap, and, I should think, a deserving one. Among the forwards, no one will deny that Haydock, of Blackburn Rovers, and Bloomer, of Derby County, are worthy their honours. The other members of the eleven are all old Internationals, and the team, as a whole, is quite capable of doing another injustice to Ireland.

What a long time we have been arranging the inter-Varsity soccer match! At the time of writing the intention is bring it off at Queen's Club next Saturday, but, if any hitch occurs, it may be delayed till the following Wednesday. It would be an innovation to have an inter-Varsity match played on Saturday, but I have no doubt the change would be appreciated by thousands of Londoners who would like to see the Blues at play. On form, there should be no question about the superiority of Oxford. Captain E. C. Bliss speaks very hopefully of the chances of the Dark Blues, but, of course, after last year's upset, it is wise not to commit oneself. The Oxonians have unquestionably the better-balanced eleven, and their science is streets ahead of the Light Blues. In these fiercely contested games science does not always play the major part. Swift rushes by heavy forwards such as Cambridge possesses are very apt to upset the nice balance of an accurate team such as Oxford possesses. I am glad to hear that E. V. Gosling, the Cambridge captain, is sufficiently recovered to take his place in goal.

Never in the history of the game have there been so many postponements of Rugby matches. At one time it looked as if Scotland and Ireland would never be able to bring off their International match. Thank goodness! the thaw has come, and the match will be played (weather permitting or not) at Edinburgh next Saturday. The postponement has allowed the representatives of the Shamrock to introduce several players who will undoubtedly strengthen the team. The weak place at back has been filled by Fulton. The three-quarter line has been rearranged and strengthened, while the inclusion of the old Irish captain, Forrest, together with Sullivan and Jameson, will add weight, strength, and determination to the pack. Excepting that Sydney Gedge will be able to play for Scotland, that country will have gained nothing by the postponement. With the match played on Scottish soil, I have a strong fancy for the sons of Caledonia stern and wild, and, should they win, the victory will only add interest to the match of the season to be played at Richmond on the following Saturday. The demand for seats for the Scotland v. England match has been unprecedented. Although the tickets range as high as five shillings, I am told that three times the number could have been sold a fortnight before the match. Over three hundred pounds in cash has been returned to applicants for seats, and I hear that special trains are to be run from various parts of England and Scotland on the great day. Englishmen are naturally very proud of the Fifteen who have done so well this season. As fourteen out of the fifteen representatives of the Rose are Southerners, the enthusiasm down South is greater than it has been for years. Scotland is lying low. We hear few voices prophesying victory for the Thistle, but that may only be because of the known canniness of the clansmen. It is high time that England beat Scotland in the Rugby game. I believe England will win, but I have not the confidence of W. B. Thomson, the International three-quarter, who says England is bound to win. It is rather a pity that the Scottish and Irish match should fall to be played on the same day as the return between London Scottish and Blackheath.

GOLF.

Willie Park is on his way to America, to open a golfing business in New York. No doubt the ex-champion will introduce his famous materials by showing the natives with what skill and grace he can use them himself. Park's golf emporium at Cannon Street, London, has been a big success, and I have no doubt he will do equally well in the United States, where the game is only in its infancy.

In a very short time we may see a regular county championship in golf, just as we have it in cricket. At any rate, Hampshire have set the ball rolling in Yorkshire and Norfolk. At present the idea is to select one amateur and one professional for each county; but if the competition is to extend through all the English counties, it will require to be extended to more than a couple of players from each county.

For the past month or two golfers have been fairly frozen out, but next Saturday will see a resumption of competitions all over the country. There will be monthly medal-competitions at Tooting, Macclesfield, Neasden, Raynes Park, Manchester, and among the London Scottish brigade, while, on the same day, Leicester will meet Nottingham, and the Royal Liverpool Subscription Prize will be competed for.—OLYMPIAN.



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

E. C. BLISS, OXFORD CAPTAIN.

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RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

It will be surprising if accidents are not numerous after the recent spell of frost, as horses and jockeys are short of jumping practice. As I have many times before suggested, the National Hunt Committee ought to insist on a qualified surgeon being present at every meeting, and he should always have a supply of bandages, lint, and necessary drugs. To their credit be it said, many Clerks of Courses take care that a medical man is present at their meetings; but I believe in compulsion in so serious a matter, which, indeed, is often a question of life or death.

I believe Arthur Nightingall has had offers to ride nearly fifty per cent. of the horses left in the Grand National, but he is not likely to select his mount in a hurry. Escott, who is to ride Cloister, will, I believe, receive the stake as a present if Mr. Duff's horse passes the post first. At the present moment, I can see nothing likely to beat him. Why Not has turned cunning, The Midshipmite cannot stay the course, Esop is slow, and Wild Man from Borneo is erratic. If Cloister is to be beaten, it will, I think, be done by one of the feather-weight division.

Mr. A. Hoole is a gentleman whose form is familiar to many racing-men, and to all who are in the habit of visiting important sale-rings, for he has usually something tempting to send up from the famous Wisdom Stud, at Bickerton, in Yorkshire. Here it was that wonderful sire, Wisdom, stood, after whom the place is named—an animal whose sons and daughters have won over £100,000 in stakes alone. It was a great slice of luck—not to mention judgment—when Mr. Hoole purchased Wisdom, who had never won a race, for £50, and equally happy was his acquisition of a mare named Enigma, for her alliance with Wisdom resulted in the birth of Florence, who won the Cambridgeshire under the highest weight on record. Sir Hugo, who beat La Flèche in the Derby, was also a son of Wisdom, as was, I well and ruefully remember, Surefoot, who did not win the Derby for which odds were laid on his chance. Mr. Hoole has a son of Wisdom at the stud,

Photo by Dickenson and Foster, New Bond Street.

MR. ARTHUR HOOLE.

this being Wellington, for whom he entertains great hopes, which were enhanced when Weltondale showed good form during 1894.

The Lord Chief Justice of England has for many years been an ornament to the racecourse, and on many mornings at Newmarket, Ascot, and Doncaster, his Lordship has successfully played the part of the early bird, scanning the horses at exercise very carefully. His Lordship often visited at John Osborne's and Fred Bates's when in the North of England. Lord Russell of Killowen might have bought Bendigo for a trifle over a "century," but a friend, when applied to, would not agree to go halves in the proposed deal.

Mr. Joseph Thompson has decided to open a big double-event book on the Lincoln Handicap and Grand National, but, I take it, the lion's share of the work will be done during the two or three days previous to the opening of the flat-race season. Mr. Thompson is hardly likely to be so lucky as he was over his autumn double-book, in which he positively refused to write the name of Indian Queen. I may add that the favourite double event on the Continental lists is Lottie's Dude and Cloister.

It is lucky some of the members of Lloyd's are willing to insure against postponement, as Clerks of the Courses would otherwise lose heavily over the abandonment of their meetings. I have never yet learned whether the officials, such as the Judges, Clerks of Scales, and Starters, have to be paid whether a meeting is held or not. I presume, however, that no outside officials at annual salaries receive any payment unless they perform their respective tasks. If I am wrong, I pity the poor shareholders.

The Anti-Gambling League does not appear to get any farther. At the same time, so long as the money lasts out, the Jockey Club worrying will, I take it, be continued. Those writers who fancy they hold a brief for the Jockey Club rather foul their own nest by claiming that racing, without betting, as at present carried on, could not exist. Traced to its base, this means that no owner who did not bet could race.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Austin Dobson's Goldsmith discovery, which has been talked of so long and so mysteriously, may now be announced. Mr. Dobson has conclusive proof that the translation known as "The Memoirs of a Protestant Condemned to the Galleys for Religion," was done by Goldsmith. He shows that Goldsmith had strong reasons for suppressing his own name at the time and allowing that of a college friend to appear on the title-page. A receipt, bearing Goldsmith's signature, has been found by Mr. Dobson. I believe that this work was reprinted, some years ago, by one of the religious societies. Mr. Dobson's edition, which will be a very pretty book, is to be issued by Messrs. Dent. He is also to write a third series of his "Eighteenth Century Vignettes."

Miss Beatrice Harraden, who is now still in America, has written a Californian story.

Judge Holmes has already received a large number of letters for the forthcoming Life of his father, Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is said that a good many of them repeat the substance of his well-known books.

I hear, on excellent authority, that Robert Louis Stevenson's story, "St. Ives," has been left nearly complete. Stevenson was engaged on this for many years. Although he received large sums for the serial rights of his publications, I understand that his books brought him in a much smaller return than that expected by popular novelists.

Lord de Tabley's second series of "Poems Dramatic and Lyrical" (John Lane) should win him many friends. His poetry is of a kind that never creates a sensation, and is never unfashionable, the subjects and the tone having perennial interest and attraction. It is correct, but not cold, poetry; refined, and not in the least finicking; literary, but with strong human feeling about it. The echoes of old metres and old sentiments have no weak ring, for the immediate inspiration is always genuine. "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may" has had no worthier modern descendant than this madrigal—

Woo thy lass while May is here,
Winter vows are colder;
Have thy kiss when lips are near,
To-morrow you are older.
Think, if clear the throstle sing,
A month his throat will thicken;
A throat of gold in a golden spring
At the edge of the snow will sicken.

Ale is good for careless bards,
Wine for wayward sinners;
They who hold the strongest cards
Rise from life as winners.

Lord de Tabley can sing blithely of youth and beauty, and the other blithe things of life, but his most characteristic note is an austere one. The concluding poem, "The Wine of Fate," is a fine, clear-sounding counsel to man to calm the trouble in his own breast, and, when his surroundings are ungenial, to remember that the world is not new, and that the best old things remain—

So with this hour of push and pelf,
Where naught unsordid seems to last,
Vex not thy miserable self,
But search the fallows of the past.

A broad cup brimmed with mighty red,
These silent years to us assign;
From old Falernian vineyards shed,
The Roman sends the Teuton wine.

Pretty literature—I do not use the word contemptuously, nor am I thinking merely of pictures and binding—pretty literature, then, in the best and most literal sense, is very scarce just now. What with problems and pessimism and photographs of the harsh and the shady sides of life, prettiness has gone out of fashion with writers, or they have lost the knack of producing it. But it has not gone out of fashion among readers, who look for it in old books when it is not to be found in new. There is one writer, Mr. Walter Raymond, whose style and matter have this quality, and with whom it never degenerates into mawkishness, but is, as all real prettiness must be, the outcome of grace and refinement. He has other qualities, too, but this is the predominant one in his new story, "Tryphena in Love."

The story is the first of Messrs. Dent's dainty "Iris Series," and all the externals, save the weak and ill-drawn pictures, are in keeping with the inside prettiness. It is a West Country story of rustic life, as are all of Mr. Raymond's, but the rusticity is refined and spiritualised by the personality and circumstances of the hero, an invalid lad of singularly pure nature and intellectual aspirations. Tryphena, however, the country heroine, with no refinement drawn from books and poetry, deserves the honour given her in the title. The pages from her life and from John's make an idyll as pretty and sweet-smelling as a country garden in June.

The same firm have begun their issue of Defoe in sixteen volumes. "Robinson Crusoe" is in three, and Mr. Aitken, chiefly known for his edition of Burns, has written a very careful and valuable but not very readable preface. The pictures, by Mr. J. B. Yeats, are particularly good, and altogether this new Defoe is a pretty one from the popular, and creditable from the scholarly point of view.

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BEWARE!

TYPES OF DALMATIAN BEAUTY.

From Photographs by Burato, Zara.

FROST AND FRESH.



LOCH LOMOND.

Photo by Warneuke, Glasgow.

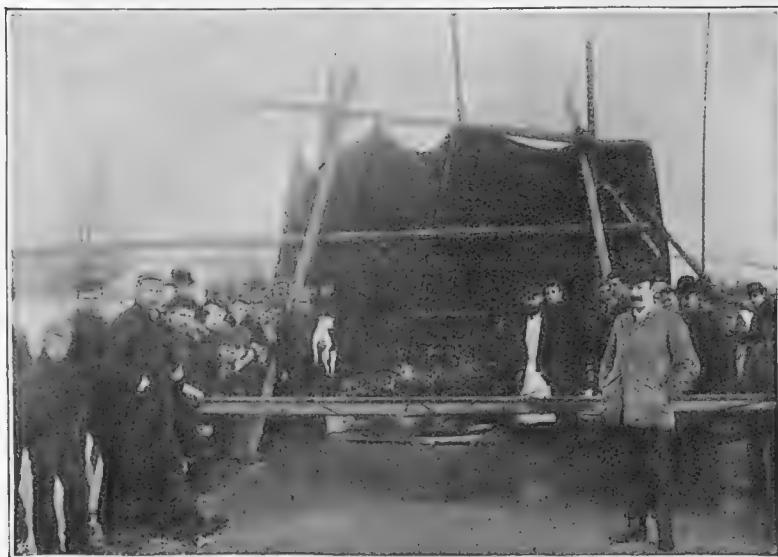
If the frost has relaxed its intensity, it has by no means disappeared. Half frost, half fresh, has been the order of the past few days, and very disagreeable it has been. The ice-floes on the river broke up early last week, and many of the gulls disappeared. Some curious incidents have occurred during the reign of the "frost fiend," as one alliterative newspaper-man "billed" the weather from day to day. A sheep was roasted on the frozen Lea near Ware, and another was roasted on the ice near Southampton, the proceeds being distributed among the deserving poor. The Isis was crossed one day by a coach-and-six. Throughout Scotland the cold has been very intense. Loch Lomond has been frozen as it has not been for fourteen years. The ice on the Tay was so strong that a practice game of cricket was played on it. The wickets were fastened in blocks of wood. The bowling was confined to "lobs," and all the players wore skates. As may be supposed, the efforts in fielding, bowling, and batting were ludicrous. The swiftly running river Esk had not been frozen for fourteen years, but dancing took place on it the other day. An extraordinary incident occurred in West Cumberland. The daughter of Mr. G. J. Snelus, of Eumerdale Hall, was to have been married in Arleidin Hall. The bridegroom was unable to reach the church, owing to the snowstorm, and the bride was unable to leave the building for the same reason. So she stayed in church all night, and next day the bridegroom appeared, having made the journey with great difficulty.

*Photo by G. V. Taylor.*

BARGEADRIFT ON THE THAMES.

*Photo by Warneuke, Glasgow.*

LOCH LOMOND.

*Photo by J. J. Ker, St. Margaret's.*

ROASTING A SHEEP ON THE FROZEN LEA, NEAR WARE.

*Photo by G. V. Taylor.*

THE THAMES, LOOKING UPWARDS FROM SOUTH WOOLWICH.

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Extract from COURT JOURNAL, January 12, 1895.

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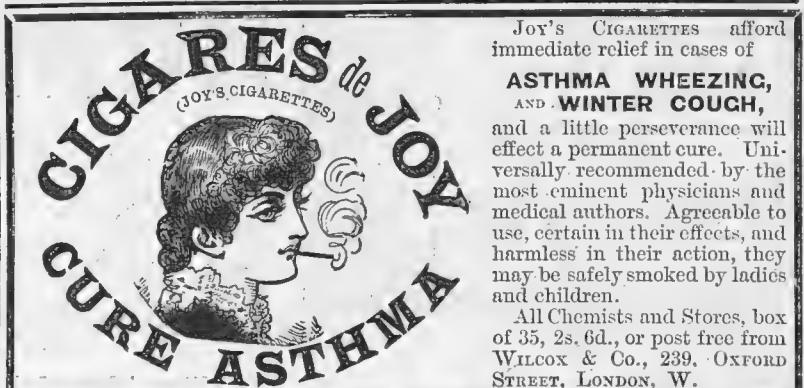
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Special make for use after accouchement, 2s. per doz. Can be obtained from all Ladies' Outfitting Establishments, Drapers, also from the Army and Navy and Civil Services Stores, and Chemists. Packets of one dozen at 1s. 17 1/2d. 2/3, 1/- Free. Samples Post Free on application. Mention "Sketch Address." The Manageress, THE SANCTUARY, Wool, Wool, Co., Ltd., 26, Thavies Inn, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Rejoice and be glad with me!—for the time for the wearing of heavy wintry garments is fast drawing to a close, and before long we shall have a chance of disporting ourselves in more spring-like attire, which will, in the majority of cases, take the form of the full, short capes which Dame Fashion has stamped with the hall-mark of her approval. And we shall look exceedingly nice in these capes, it seems to me, for their fulness is a thing to be wondered at; and, above all, nine out of ten are cut short enough to give a good view of the waist, which, in contrast to their outstanding fulness, takes upon itself a most becoming slimness. There is one point about these short capes, however, which insists upon obtruding itself on our notice—that is, that they make a smart spring costume an absolute necessity, for they afford no friendly disguise to a last season's gown, but, on the contrary, draw attention to its shortcomings by very force of contrast. However, everything is made up for by the fact that nothing is so becoming to the figure as a full, short cape, and that these are to be the most fashionable wear I am assured by no less a person than Mr. Peter Robinson, of 256 to 264, Regent Street,

last sketch, which represents an exquisite cape composed of chiné glacé in tones of delicate green, mauve, and pink, and with a Dolly Varden brocaded design of roses and leaves. It is a double cape, the top one being much deeper than the lower one, but both (together with the yoke) being edged with a quilling of narrow black satin ribbon, which makes an excellent foil to the lovely colouring of the brocade. It has wide pointed revers in front, almost covered by a large jabot of filmy yellowish lace, which appears again in the high, pleated collar, which is tied at the back with a big satin bow, a similar bow being placed in front, and fastened with a steel buckle.

Truly, this is a delightful garment, and one which, in view of the decree which Dame Fashion has issued in favour of that most charming of fabrics, chiné glacé silk, is likely to be in great demand. The proper and only fitting accompaniment in the way of head-gear would be one of the new hats, on which chiné ribbon is utilised, among other things, as trimming. The "other things" include giant pansies, roses, and the like, violets which have changed their pretty natural hue in favour of yellow and black, and other astonishing freaks of Nature. Truly, exaggeration bids fair to be the characteristic of our spring millinery, and the quantity of flowers and lace, feathers and wings, which can be



who is, above all people, qualified to speak with authority on the subject, and who has backed up his opinion by providing himself with a vast number of these capes. Naturally, it was to his famous establishment that I wended my way on the first sign of relentment on the part of the frozen-hearted Clerk of the Weather, and I was rewarded for my foresight by a peep at a perfect army of capes, of every imaginable shape, colour, and price.

There was, to begin with, a goodly array fashioned of black velvet, embroidered, more or less elaborately, in jet, and finished with ruffled collars of lace or chiffon, the prices commencing at three and a half guineas, a sum which is moderate enough to appeal to everyone. Some of these capes have tiny diamonds introduced into the jet embroidery, with excellent effect, and their presence does not very materially increase the price, it may be mentioned. Tan-coloured openwork cloth capes, on a silk or satin foundation, are also to be seen in infinite variety, one of the most effective designs being the one illustrated, where the bold outline of the stamped-out cloth reveals a lining of pale-tan satin, exactly matching the cloth in colour. It has a deep roll-collar, which meets the requirements of comfort and style alike; and I may as well inform you that it is priced at five and a half guineas, though much more moderately filled purses are catered for with equal success, one of the prettiest of the cheaper capes—at four guineas—being cut out in a floral design, entirely covering the top part, and tapering into narrow trails of buds towards the edge. But, to return to our other two sketches—one is in an effective combination of black velvet and yellow silk, the latter being introduced in the shape of insertion scrolls, which are softened by a covering of openwork jet passementerie. Rosettes of the yellow are introduced into the ruffled collar of black chiffon bordered with openwork embroidery, which is continued down the front in cascade form and falls below the waist, where it is finished with rosettes and bows of yellow and black. It is, indeed, a thing of beauty; but even it must give place to the third and

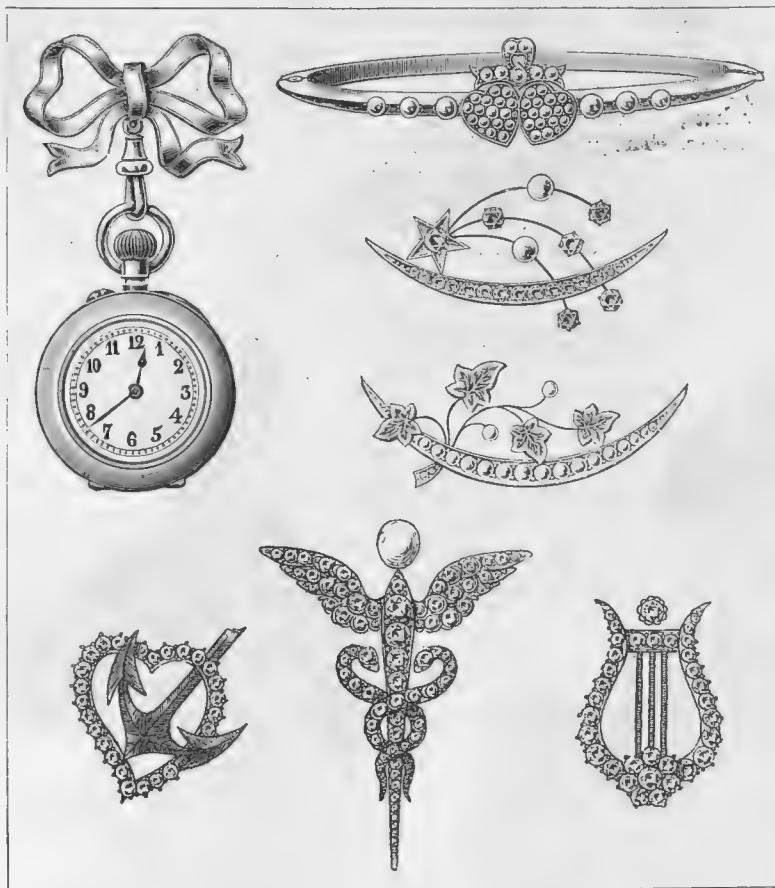
crowded into the circumscribed area of one hat is a thing to be marvelled at.

But all this is a digression, and, in the meantime, there are other of Mr. Peter Robinson's productions which demand attention, notably one cape of black velvet, with full collar of accordion-pleated lace, held in by a band of jet passementerie and adorned by a *chou* of black satin ribbon. The back was arranged with a broad box-pleat in the centre, which was richly embroidered with jet sequins and cabochons in a star and scroll design, while the cape itself was trimmed with straps of jet passementerie, interspersed with double frills of lace, each of which was headed by a rosette of black satin ribbon. Even more elaborately beautiful was another cape, composed, in this instance, of black duchesse satin, and having epaulettes and insertion scrolls of pale-mauve mirror velvet and jet passementerie, the full folds terminating at each side to show a blouse front of the satin, held in at the waist by bands of mauve velvet. The high collar, of velvet and accordion-pleated lace, had trails of pale-hued violets, caught loosely at each side. In contrast to this somewhat matronly richness was a charming little cape of black satin, veiled with accordion-pleated chiffon, this fragile but beautiful fabric being one of the chosen favourites of the season. The ruffled collar was bedecked with a satin bow and brightened by a touch of jet, and the mere sight of such a pretty garment made one long for the speedy coming of the spring, which is kind to those who are blessed with anything approaching good figures, though the less-favoured minority (and, with so many aids to Nature in the shape of cleverly cut corsets, &c., the majority can easily manage to have good figures now) may be glad to hide their inelegant outlines under the longest and thickest of winter cloaks. However, this season's capes have been made for the display of good figures; therefore, it behoves us all to rise to the occasion and be worthy of our capes. The first thing, of course, is to get them, and so be prepared for any sudden freak on the part of that Weather Clerk who really, I have come to the conclusion, deserves all the abuse

which, under any circumstances, generally falls to his share. Therefore, it follows that you must speedily pay a visit of combined duty and pleasure to Mr. Peter Robinson, and, if you do not lose your heart to at least one of his latest productions in the way of capes, you will be something more—or less—than human, for I don't believe there is anyone for whose taste and purse he has not successfully provided.

NOVELTIES IN JEWELLERY.

Dame Fashion is not doing enough just now to have undivided attention paid to her movements, so I came to the conclusion that I would devote a little of my superfluous energy to the discovery of some new articles of jewellery, which would be moderate enough, as regards price, to tempt



you to present yourself with a new brooch or bangle, and pretty enough to ensnare those who, for any reason whatever, feel compelled to follow in deed, if not in spirit, the precept setting forth the superior blessedness of giving to receiving. For my part, I think that, in such cases, I have a generally shared weakness for occupying the position of the less blessed recipient. However, here are brooches galore for you, in which you should recognise the handiwork of your old friends, Messrs. Wilson and Gill, of 134, Regent Street, who always manage, even in the dullest part of the dull season, to scintillate with brilliant novelties.

The place of honour must undoubtedly be given to the daintily lovely brooch in the shape of a new moon, composed of pearls and entwined with a spray of tiny gold ivy-leaves, the astonishingly low price being actually only twenty-five shillings—a fact which is its own recommendation. Another very cheap brooch is the diamond star, with pearl, ruby, and diamond comet, all complete for £5 10s.; while for novelty command me to the diamond outline heart, secured by a red enamel anchor, and the Mercury's wand and entwined serpents in diamonds, with one exquisite pearl at the top, not to speak of the diamond lyre for music-lovers, these three last appealing more particularly to those who are blessed with a fair quantity of the filthy lucre which goes so far towards making life worth the living. Then, if you want a bracelet, what could be prettier than the one with its double-pearl hearts united by a true-lovers' knot, and guarded at each side by three pearls, while the price, too, is in its favour, being only £3 15s. But, best of all, some of you will think, is the exquisite and diminutive gold watch (guaranteed to be a perfect time-keeper) which hangs from a gold true-lovers' knot brooch, and which can be purchased for £7 10s., though, of course, you can go up to forty or fifty pounds with the greatest ease in the world, if you wish to obtain such an elaborate thing of beauty as a pendent watch of red enamel in the shape of a winged beetle, its wings, which are thickly studded with diamonds, flying open at a touch to disclose the face of the tiny watch within. This most attractive insect is attached to a true-lovers' knot in diamonds, fastened in the centre with a ruby and an emerald. Other watches there are of enamel of one colour or another, with a design of love-birds or flowers pendent from a gold flower-entwined crescent, or a horse-shoe with strap and buckle complete; but are not all these things of beauty to be seen with your own eyes the next time you are in Regent Street? But still, let me direct your gaze specially to a new neck-ornament for evening wear, which takes the form of a gold-serpent, through which is passed the fashionable band of velvet which is so invariably becoming, setting off, as it does, a white and rounded neck,

and hiding the imperfections of a thin one. This serpent glories in diamond eyes, and is priced at four pounds, a gold buckle for fastening at the back of the neck being included in the sum. Let me commend this to the special attention of husbands and fiancés, while their respective present and prospective better-halves could, with advantage, reciprocate with a pair of the new shamrock sleeve-links, the three dainty gold leaves being set with a sapphire, a pearl, and a ruby. £4 5s. per pair is the price thereof, and it is by no means a high one.

"THE SPICES OF ARABIA."

There is a certain fine Eastern touch about the perfumer's art that belongs to few industries of modern civilisation. Thus, it was a very appropriate thing for Messrs. Grossmith, Son, and Co., of Newgate Street, to pitch a bazaar in "The Orient," at Olympia. They have broken away, too, from the convention of the ordinary exhibition shop. They have set up a faithful replica of a true Eastern bazaar. It is coloured with all the richness and mounted with all the luxuriosness that the Oriental loves, and the weary sightseer may delight himself in luxurious ease within it. The dainty damsels in attendance are tastefully dressed in artistic Indian costumes, with veil and soft silk robes, designed in blue, amber, and red, harmonising delightfully with the parti-coloured surroundings. And their wares are no less suggestive of the East. There is the delicious perfume, Phūl-Nānā, essentially the scent for the ball-room



Photo by N. O. Parascho.

and the crowded assembly. Its odour, which is not in the least heavy, is that of a basket of fresh-gathered Indian flowers—as, indeed, the name implies. Then there is the Japanese lotus lily, Hasu-no-hana—surely an up-to-date perfume, in view of the prominence of Japan, and of the fact that it is a valuable disinfectant as well as a scent. These two products are admirable specimens of the perfumer's art, and the soaps and sachets scented with them, once tried, will readily be tried again. Their Betrothal Bouquet, dedicated to the Duchess of York, shows Messrs. Grossmith to be in the front of their delightful art.

FLORENCE.



Photo by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

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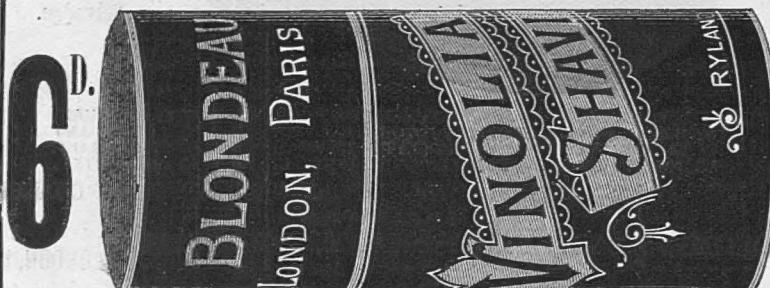
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(By a London Physician.)

A leading London Physician, writing in *Enquire Within*, states:—

"We often meet persons who, though perhaps suffering from no definite disease, are far from being in good health. Perhaps they have been too busy and have overworked themselves till the health could stand the strain no longer; or perhaps they have not had sufficient opportunity of getting fresh air and diversion from a close routine; or perhaps after some apparently slight illness, such as a cold, that has been neglected, they have found a want of appetite, and a constant feeling of weakness and weariness, and a positive dread of activity. Such persons are in want of a tonic which will rouse the system, and, as it were, assist the machinery of life, giving tone and strength, not mere impetus and impulse, to the shaken nerves. Such a medicine is to be found in Guy's Tonic, which has a great advantage in that it is purely of vegetable origin, being also free from both quinine and iron, which are found not to suit some persons. We have prescribed Guy's Tonic to a number of our patients, and have taken this excellent preparation ourselves, with a uniformly satisfactory result."

Tears at a Theatre.

A Lady writes:—

"I was in the most distressing nervous condition, ready to laugh or cry at any moment; hysterical to the last degree, and frightfully enervated in consequence. I dared not go to a theatre, as I disturbed everybody around me by the copious floods of tears, which I was wholly incapable of restraining. I tried lots of things for this dreadful mental debility and nerve prostration, but nothing did me any good. I then took a bottle of Guy's Tonic, which was warmly recommended me by a friend. It acted like a charm. It quieted my nerves, calmed the brain, strengthened the stomach, and arrested the liver trouble which had lately made its appearance. My shattered constitution produced by this terrible prostration of mind and body has also been restored."

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PARLIAMENT.

BY A "RASH RADICAL."

Such a getting upstairs we have had in the House during the last week ! One day the Government was going out, the next it was going to stay in for ever. We have had excursions and alarms, a great duel between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Asquith, a sudden threat of turning out the Government followed by one of the most dramatic triumphs which any Administration has obtained during the last ten years, intrigues, differences between political leaders on the same side, talk of disloyalty as regards Lord Rosebery and his colleagues, rumours of acute differences between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour, mysterious absence of the Leader of the Opposition, rapid change of tactics over the Indian cotton duties—this is the *farrago libelli* to which the journalist has to contribute his brief chapter. The House of Commons, indeed, sometimes seems to me a mere phantasm, a collection of moral and intellectual unrealities, shadowy and insincere, which never come within measurable distance of the patriotic and the true.

MR. ASQUITH AND MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

The chief personal interest of late has been the encounter between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Asquith. Of the result of this there is but one opinion. Mr. Chamberlain, perhaps for the first time since Mr. Gladstone left the stage, has been decisively set down. His speech was not good. It was pretentious, shallow, halting, and plainly the work of a man who had a very confused idea of what he ought to do. This was just the kind of opportunity for a man like Mr. Asquith, with a clear, simple mind, all his facts well arranged, and a coolness that the oldest debater in the House of Commons might envy. I heard the first speech Mr. Asquith ever delivered in the House of Commons, and it seemed to me inevitable that a man with such a manner, such a good head, such belief in his powers, and such a command of them, was bound to go as far as fortune would let him. By universal judgment of the House, he beat Mr. Chamberlain in the mere encounter of dialectics as completely as one man can defeat another in a war of words. I do not say that the points were very great, or that the speech was more than a successful bit of intellectual dexterity. Mr. Chamberlain has over and over again won success by the same methods, pursued with considerably less skill. His party were, of course, delighted with the encounter, and Mr. Asquith, whose star rises steadily with every month of his life, is now talked of as the future Leader of the House of Commons.

THE COTTON DUTIES FIASCO.

But even Mr. Asquith's triumph has been overshadowed by the victory of Mr. Fowler over Sir Henry James. The question of the Indian cotton duties arose, as most Parliamentary crises arise, with great suddenness, although there had been whispers of a possible and a dangerous combination. For some days previously the Lancashire members, Liberal and Tory, had been working quietly, and at the same time cleverly, for a repeal of the 5 per cent. import duties on cotton goods sent to India. The object of the struggle was to get hold of Mr. Balfour. Mr. Balfour is a Lancashire member, and so he was bound, in some measure, to play the game of his county. But he is also a leader of the Tory Party, the man who, if he had turned out the Government on this question, would have to propose an alternative policy to Mr. Fowler's. This he hesitated to do. He had seen the Liberal Whips, and had spoken vaguely of confining the discussion to a friendly talk, which need not result in a division. Mr. Chamberlain, however, thought that so good an opportunity of turning out the Government, and sending them to the country in haste and confusion, ought not to be missed. So he pressed hard for a coalition with the Liberal Lancashire malcontents, and for a hot Party division on Sir Henry James's motion for the adjournment of the House. In the end, he seemed to win. A strong Party-whip was sent out; the Liberal Whips were alarmed, and responded with a still more urgent summons, and on Wednesday it was the very general opinion that the Government would go out. Thursday morning, however, brought different counsels. The City was alarmed at the news that the country was threatened with an instant dissolution, and the Government put its foot down and offered uncompromising opposition to Sir Henry James. Mr. Balfour became ill, the Imperial Tories kicked at Sir Henry's motion, and, when the Government met the House on Thursday, they really had the game in their hands. I must say they played it superbly. Sir Henry James made one of the feeblest and least convincing speeches I ever heard in the House of Commons. It was purely the effort of an advocate, speaking, as Sir William Harcourt cruelly put it, on instructions. But he had really no case, and did not even succeed in convincing his hearers that he believed in it. Mr. Fowler, on whom fell the duty of replying, has a rather heavy style. But he carries weight, has a great gift for presenting a clear case, that a little reminds one of John Bright, and, knowing that he was in the right, he simply smashed Sir Henry James's feeble sophistries into a thousand fragments. I never heard a more crushing speech, and its clear argument and convincing statements carried the whole House, Tory and Liberal, with it. The result was the absolute break-up of the intrigue. The Tories simply dared not support Sir Henry James, and Mr. Goschen had to get up and feebly withdraw from the position which, a few hours earlier, the Tories were unquestionably about to take. In the end the Government won with a triumphant majority of 195, rehabilitated themselves at the expense of their opponents, and achieved perhaps the most striking Parliamentary success of their whole career.

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

What is the work which the Government has got to do by Easter ? It has to dispose of the Supplementary Estimates and take a vote on account for the Civil Service. It must take votes for men and money in the Army and Navy Estimates, and these subjects can hardly be raised without introducing some necessary military and naval discussion. It is also going to try to read the Welsh Disestablishment and Irish Land Bills a second time; and even the Local Veto Bill is hinted at. And this is Ash Wednesday already ! There are precisely six weeks, or thirty Parliamentary days, six of which (the Wednesdays) are supposed to be sacred to private members, and six more (the Fridays) in the evening. No wonder that Sir William Harcourt should try to annex every available inch of Parliamentary time he can get. But what a fine muddle the Programme gets into when Parliament, first, meets too late, and then has its time wasted on the Address by obstructive Radicals and Irishmen ! I was mistaken about the Session beginning briskly, and I must modify my forecast. It has begun tamely and muddlingly, and it will never get out of its muddle; and that is just what a modern House of Commons and Government, which has no power to legislate, has to arrange for. The House of Lords as a final resort, and the ridiculous clumsiness of House of Commons procedure as the immediate safeguard—if it were not for these delightful checks upon insincere Programmes, a Radical Government would actually have to try legislating about something practical which the country was really interested in !

THE GREAT SCARE ABOUT INDIA.

Never was there such a Ministerial scare as occurred last Wednesday and Thursday over Sir Henry James's motion about the Indian cotton duties. This is a matter which the Lancashire members have been agitating since December, but not till Thursday did anyone imagine that even a Lancashire revolt would pull down the Ministry. But on Thursday the Ministerial papers all came out with frantic declarations that the Opposition meant to combine with Lancashire in upsetting the Government, if possible, on a motion to adjourn the House. The dodge was cleverly worked. The threat of a possible defeat of the Government, entailing an immediate dissolution, was shouted at the tops of their voices by Liberals in a sudden fit of virtue about the value of Indian opinion—strange on the part of men who support the Opium Commission, the Cantonments Bill, and the examination in India of Baboo candidates for the Civil Service. Lord Rosebery's Imperialism seems suddenly to have infected his rank and file, and, with one accord, the Ministerialists (except Lancastrians) declared that, if the Opposition would not save them from the threatened attack, they, the Opposition, were the "Perish India" party, and must go to the country at once as the Little Englanders, on the great electioneering cry of—Bimetallism ! Really, the "scare" is quite comical, after the event. It could not have been taken seriously before, except for the tremendous importance attached to it by the organs of the Government. The actual result was that the bulk of the Opposition, led by Mr. Goschen, in Mr. Balfour's absence through influenza, supported the Government, either by voting or abstaining, as they were bound to do. The Lancashire vote is an important one, no doubt, but the Unionists have no intention of taking a General Election as champions of a Lancastrian despotism over India. If, as was rumoured, it was Mr. Chamberlain who planned a *coup* against the Government in this division, then he made as big a mistake as he ever has made. To tell the truth, Mr. Chamberlain has not exactly "come off" yet this Session. As I said a week or two ago, it was his policy to attack the Government as vigorously as possible at the opening of the Session, and it can hardly be said that this attack has been conducted very brilliantly. There are two main reasons, however, for that. One is that Mr. Balfour has been "seedy"; but more important is the undeniable fact that the Conservatives are still in no hurry for a dissolution. Able observers have been estimating that a dissolution now would only result in a majority of about thirty for the Unionists; and that is not exactly an attractive prospect, as long as the other side are powerless, though in office. Colchester also indicated that local considerations at present are more important than any political enthusiasm on either side. There is, therefore, no real desire for a dissolution.

THE "UNEMPLOYED" COMMITTEE.

That precious "Unemployed" Committee is a precious piece of humbug. It was only appointed in order to shelve Mr. Keir Hardie's amendment to the Address, and now that it has got to what, I presume, it calls "work," it has already been turned practically into a happy hunting-ground for Mr. Keir Hardie's fads and fancies. But Mr. Hardie has a tough customer to encounter on the Committee, in the shape of Mr. John Burns. The only interesting thing about the Committee is this game of Hardie *v.* Burns. The latter has become more and more of a Moderate as he has become more and more acquainted with practical administration and practical men. The personal antagonism between him and Mr. Keir Hardie is intense, and I may almost say that the fight between them puts into a nutshell the whole conflict between Liberalism and Independent Labour. Mr. Keir Hardie wants to expose Mr. Burns as an ally of the capitalists and a traitor to the working-man. Mr. Burns is far too clever to let him do it. And the Unemployed Committee will probably be the turning-point in the Labour career of both. With what result? Well, not improbably, that the whole "Labour" movement of the last three years will be found to be played out. And quite time too !

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Feb. 23, 1895.

This has been a week memorable for not only the introduction of "New Yankees," but also because the Bank rate of 2 per cent. has remained unaltered for a whole year, a thing which has happened only once since Montague and William III. (of ever-blessed memory!) established the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.

The United States loan, and the sale of application-forms in the street, at fifteen shillings each, reminded one of the good old days when the same thing went on with Guinness and Allsopp, and the like of which we have not seen since. The total offered here is said to have been covered twenty times over, and the lock-up of application-money has seriously hardened rates; but the bonds will, no doubt, soon gravitate back to the States, where they are at a higher premium than they stand here, and are also useful as security against note-issues.

The proprietors of the Bank are in for another bad half-year, which, considering the unremunerative price of money, and that the reserve is over 70 per cent. of the liabilities, can cause no astonishment to the stockholders. Everybody was pleased when the Baring liquidation was closed, but the Bank, which had done very well out of the deal, has lost a source of revenue which had been most useful in dull times.

As far as the Stock Exchange is concerned, the week has been very unprofitable, but, apart from a miniature boom in silver securities at the beginning, and a sort of panic in London Waterworks shares towards the close, there have been very few features of interest. As to the Waterworks scare, we think it has been very overdone.

In November we succeeded in getting you to sell your Empire shares, dear Sir, and the wisdom of our advice is now self-evident. Instead of a dividend, we hear a call is probable, and it is evident that the effect of the Chant agitation was far more serious than was recognised at the time.

Your remarks, dear Sir, on the liquidation of the South American and Mexican Company are not a bit too strong, and the inequitable way in which shareholders have been dealt with is fast becoming a scandal. We know that, in the case of the most active director, an arrangement has been made whereby the person in question is allowed to retain £1000 a year of his earnings before paying anything towards his calls, because, the liquidator says, it is necessary he should live like a gentleman, although we fail to see the necessity; while a poor clergyman, whose living brought in £280 last year, is in daily fear of being pressed into bankruptcy because he cannot pay down the sum of £1200. The men who brought the concern to ruin have friends on the Committee of Inspection, but the wretched shareholders who have been despoiled and deluded are pressed with writs and notices to the verge of ruin. To make matters worse, all this is done in the name of the Board of Trade. No wonder the Companies Winding-up Department stinks in the nostrils of the people. We should be glad if any of your friends, who may unfortunately be victims, would send us details of their cases, for this South American and Mexican matter is becoming so public a scandal that it ought to be brought before the House of Commons.

Now that we have probably seen the end of the frost and snow, it is to be hoped the big railway traffics will pick up, although in these days of high prices it seems to make little difference to the market. We succeeded in executing your commission in Highland Railway stock, dear Sir, and feel confident you will have little reason to regret the bargain. Foreign stocks have been dull, and you did well to pocket some of your profit on Mexicans, which, on realisations, have reacted to just below 78. The stock is a good one, and the country is improving, but the rise has been so rapid that some reaction was inevitable. The 5 per cent. bonds of the City of Mexico are a good purchase, as, besides paying a high rate of interest, there is, at the current price, the chance of a 35 per cent. bonus at each of the half-yearly drawings, so that the holder not only receives some 7 per cent. on his investment, but has the pleasant excitement of a small lottery thrown in.

We have often called your attention to Little Turks, which steadily, but slowly, improve, and are well worth holding, both as dividend-payers and for a rise in capital value.

There has been, and is, considerable buying of the best Home industrial shares, and, of course, it is comparatively easy to get something over five per cent. in such things. We consider Ely Brothers, Telegraph Construction, Thomas Wallis, Tamplin and Son, Lion Brewery, and the like, are all good purchases and fair security for those who desire this kind of investment. Your friends should beware of purchasing the shares of this kind of company which are offered by various advertising touts, for it is generally very easy to buy and very difficult to sell such things, whereas, by dealing in the class of companies we have named, it is easier to realise, if you ever require your money, than to become a shareholder.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE NORTHERN RAILWAY OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC is offering 15,000 shares of the nominal value of £20 each, at £18 each. Interest, at 4 per cent. per annum, is guaranteed by the Government of the Transvaal, with the chance of half the net profits over and above the sum required to provide the guarantee. The shares are an excellent

investment, and we expect the required amount has been several times over-subscribed.

DANIEL CRAWFORD AND SON, LIMITED, invites subscriptions for 6000 5 per cent. preference shares of £10 each. The company is formed to take over the business of wine and whisky merchants, which has been carried on under the same name for forty years. The value of the stocks held by the company exceeds the total amount of the preference shares, and there are no debentures, which is a favourable feature. The accountants certify the profits as averaging £11,421 per annum, and there is no doubt the preference shares are a sound investment, although they may not have, in London at least, a free market.

THE AUSTRALIA, LIMITED.—The Associated Gold-mines of Western Australia, Limited, is selling the "Australia" lease to this company for £100,000, and, judging from the statements in the prospectus, and the names of the directors, the company offers a mining risk of an extremely desirable nature. The prospectus is very full of reports upon the property, brought up to as late a date as Feb. 21 last. If our readers apply for shares, we hope they will do well with them.

BAYLEY'S NO. 2 SOUTH GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED, is offering 45,750 shares of £1 each. The concern is one of those companies which make us despair for the future of Western Australian mining. Situated a mile and a half from Bayley's original claim, it still, by its very name, tries to trade upon the success of that well-known property, but even its sponsors do not claim that the same reef extends to this lease. The hand of the people who floated the Big Blow Gold Mine in this market is writ too large across this prospectus for our money, and we like one as little as the other. Our readers will do well to allow the directors and their friends to subscribe for not only 21,250 shares, but for the balance which they are now offering to a long-suffering public.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. McC.—We consider the bonds you name excellent security, and we hold £1000 ourselves as an investment. As to the supposition case you ask our opinion about, we can only say such an event would undoubtedly put the price down; but is it worth while to speculate on such remote chances? There will be time enough to get out when serious signs of such a possibility are in the air.

INEXPERIENCE.—Nitrate Rails we have always considered a good investment for people who will take the risks of a security paying high interest. As an investment, the prefs are good enough, but, of course, they are not "consols." Some of the Indian Tea shares yield a good return, and run about the same risk.

O. B.—(1) We see no reason for you to sell Mills's Day Dawn shares. It is a good mine. (2) See Notes as to Empire. Why did you not get out when we urged our readers to sell in November last?

LONDON.—We are not in love with London General Omnibus stock; but fodder is cheap, and, if the management were only good, the concern should have a good year. Buy good Brewery shares or Assam Railway and Trading Company's pre-pref. shares.

VICTIM.—(1) Yes, there will no doubt be a call of some sort on the Bank of South Australia shares. We know no more than you do what it will be or when it will come. (2) The South American and Mexican Company was a swindle from the beginning, and the liquidation is being conducted in a most unfair way as to the terms exacted from unfortunate shareholders.

AUDACITY.—Broken Hill shares are very speculative. We have advised sale at all sorts of higher prices. The quantity of ore left which can be smelted at a profit is not large, but if a means of treating the Galena ore were found the mine would have a new lease of life. Of course, universal Bimetallism would put up the price of silver *pro tem.*, and the shares, but there is as much chance of it as of the moon turning to blue cheese. If you can afford a risk, hold on, and get out on a rise; if not, sell at once.

OAK APPLE.—2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 9 you may sleep on, although 6 may drop a little in price. Your income will be safe enough. (1) Nobody could call this a good investment, but we think, as you are a holder, you had better hold for better prices. (8) A reasonable second-class bond. (10) Speculative. You must expect a reduction of interest. (11) Not bonds we should advise a client to hold. (12) Very good debentures. (13) A fair second-class gold bond (if you hold first mortgage). We should expect these bonds to improve with the general improvement in all things Mexican, but they cannot be called a first-class security.

OOF.—We would have no dealings with these people or the things they recommend. It is easy to buy them, but hard to sell, and no doubt the touts get a big commission on what they can induce people to purchase. If you want Home Industrial shares, why not buy such things as Ely Brothers, Bryant and May, Telegraph Construction, Aerated Bread, Gordon Hotels, or John Barker and Co., when you will have good interest and a free market?

A. B.—We know nothing paying 10 per cent which can be called safe. The brewery you name is an American one, and the shares stand well. The capital is £744,000, and there are £350,000 debentures. We prefer the United States Brewing Company for our own money, but it is a matter of taste, and the concern you name is certainly one of the few good businesses owned by an English company.

W. H. H.—Thanks for enclosure. We hope you have got our private letter.

WINIFRED.—A fair Industrial company. The profits have been declining, and we should prefer many other investments.

JANUARY.—We refuse to recommend anything for an early rise. Thomas Wallis are good shares, and so are Telegraph Construction or John Barker. Buy Tamplin and Son if you want a Brewery. Ben Evans shares or debentures we consider a good investment, especially the debentures.

W. H. H.—Hold Uruguays. Apart from market-operations, they are a very fair stock, and, as such, we recommend them. As to Nos. 2 and 3, both are speculative, but worth the risk. We wish you would assume a *nom de plume*.

J. P.—The concern is respectable, but the security is very second-rate. We know no reason for the present unsatisfactory market-quotation. There are only 5 per cent. securities we should prefer to hold.

ALVA.—We advise you to have no dealings with the so-called bank, which carries on a money-lending business in bills-of-sale and such-like business.

JAMES M. M.—We believe the shares to be the worst class of rubbish. The present Company is a third reconstruction. You had better lock the scrip up in a drawer, and, if ever you can sell it at a profit, make haste about it. After all, you are only gambling to the extent of a five-pound note.